

The Chaplain

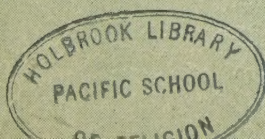
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- THOUGHT-STARTERS • HUMOR • ILLUSTRATIONS
BACKFIRE • IT REALLY HAPPENED • PERSONALS
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VOLUME 2
NUMBER 8



A TRADE JOURNAL FOR PROTESTANT CHAPLAINS

Published co-operatively by

GENERAL COMMISSION ON ARMY AND NAVY CHAPLAINS

1137 Woodward Building, Washington 5, D. C.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

1700 Sansom Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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leyan Methodist; Moravian; Presbyterian, U. S.; Presbyterian, U. S. A.; Associate Reformed Presbyterian; Cumberland Presbyterian; United Presbyterian; Reformed Church in America; Christian Reformed; Salvation Army; Seventh Day Adventist; Unitarian; Universalist.

CO-OPERATING AGENCIES: Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; International Council of Religious Education; World's Christian Endeavor Union; National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association; United Council of Church Women.

Distributed free of charge
to chaplains of above churches

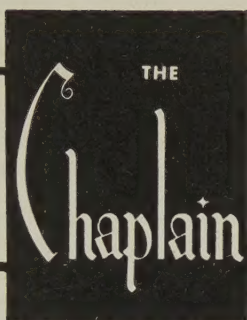
Subscription rate to others:
25¢ per copy. \$2.00 per year



Address all communications affecting this magazine to Editor, **THE CHAPLAIN**
1700 Sansom St., Philadelphia 3, Penna.

gust, 1945

VOL. 2



NO. 8

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Editor: CLARENCE W. HALL, Litt.D.

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- To those ready to stake their lives upon Christianity, God's purposes will in time prevail!

The Years Ahead

By FRANCIS B. SAYRE

Diplomatic Advisor to Director General, UNRRA, Washington, D. C.

IT has fallen to our lot to live in a time of prodigious conflict. In every part of the world we are engulfed in this cosmic struggle—nation arrayed against nation, while continents aflame, the entire world locked in titanic combat. Yet in truth this is only the outward manifestation of a profound and deadly struggle going on within.



Western civilization has been built upon a deep-seated belief in the omnipotence and the final supremacy of sheer physical force. Dominant in our civilization is the pagan belief that might is the final arbiter of the destiny of the world, that only the strong are fit to survive, that history vindicates those with sufficient courage and strength to crush out and annihilate the weaker elements of the race. The majority of people in the Western world believe in the method of force as the practical way to get things done. By stark force the fighting pagan has captured most of the world. The Axis powers which we are now fighting are the very epitome and culmination of this belief.

Yet this fighting pagan now and again is baffled by a mastering force

that is not physical—force depending upon men's minds and upon the things of the spirit. From ancient times prophets and leaders have arisen calling for justice and mercy. Two thousand years ago a flaming spirit preached a religion which was based upon the utter negation

of physical force. Men have never been able to forget the vision which came with his teaching. It has haunted them. It has driven them forward, fearless and conquering. It has generated power, such as no amount of armed force has been able to down. Still today, nineteen and a half centuries after his birth, it quickens the heartbeats of millions of unknown humble men and women.

I

Western civilization is convulsed between these two utterly irreconcilable beliefs.

The issue is not a mere question of theory. It is one of cold fact upon which depend the life and death of millions of human beings—indeed, the destiny of Western civilization. All that we hold most precious hangs in the balance.

At such a time there is no room

or sentimentality. Men all over the world are suffering and dying. We're down to bedrock realities. Which is the way forward?

Deep in our hearts we know that we cannot hope for human progress, we cannot hope for enduring peace, except as we build our lives and our laws and our institutions upon the conscience of mankind, upon morality and justice, upon the spiritual values of life. For the world in which we live is a moral world. Somehow, sheer physical strength is not all, and the richer and transcendent values of life begin when right replaces might.

I do not mean to discount physical force as such. It has its values and one often has to fight for the right with all the forces at one's command. Surely our first task today is to win the war. Until we do there is little chance of going forward. But as long as the world endures, might untempered by right and self-seeking materialism will be disruptive forces tending to tear civilization apart. Upon the cohesive forces of brotherhood alone can be built human progress and stable institutions. That is as inescapable as the law of gravity.

It was this that Christ tried to make men understand 1,900 years ago so as to save them from the suffering and the heartbreak of having to learn through the searing fire of experience. But men would not believe him. They thought they knew better. They wanted to be practical—and they crucified the idealistic dreamer. Very since Christ's day, God has been trying to make men understand—through the words of his prophets and ministers, through

direct inspiration, through the hard and often tragic lessons of experience. And now Western civilization is fast reaching a point where it must learn the way of brotherhood or else, like other civilizations which have preceded it, go under.

Christianity, you see, is not merely a beautiful dream of the past. It is not a way of escape. It is an intensely practical way of life for here and now, for men and nations.

II

Today, if we dare to look facts in the face, it seems evident that the pagan belief in the omnipotence and supremacy of force is in the ascendant. It has won its way in triumph across the Western world; and although Germany and Japan have embodied and epitomized the belief, unhappily it is not confined to the territories of Axis powers. In every country of the earth it terribly menaces all that we hold most precious.

I do not believe that our present Western civilization is necessarily bound to survive. Its destiny depends upon its people—upon which philosophy they come to believe in and to embody in their daily living and in their public life. We are God's instruments through whom he works. We can make our civilization the instrument of achieving such a measure of human emancipation as the world has not yet known—if we consecrate our lives to making it so.

It is easy enough to agree upon glittering generalities. But it is only as we fight and sacrifice for ideals in definite, concrete form that we build power. What does

Christian brotherhood mean as applied to the actual issues which we must face at the peace table? Can those who believe in the fundamentals taught by Christ agree upon the way forward and with united ranks stand up for their convictions when we build the peace? Can they convince others that such a program is the really practical way forward?

III

Upon the answer to that question depends—everything. It may be audacious for me to attempt an answer. And yet unless with courage all of us make the attempt, we shall not go forward.

If we are to make Christianity vital in the coming peace, not only must we throw out of the window the conception of a master German race, we must also throw out of the window the conception of a master Anglo-American race or any other peoples.

If the peace is to be stable, it must be built, not upon the dictation of a conquering race, but rather upon the united will of all nations—small as well as great—upon the give and take of negotiation and adjustment, based upon the common will to achieve justice. Justice, I take it, means the protection of human rights and individual personalities, even though they constitute a minority.

In Asia and the Pacific, where problems of colonial government must be faced and settled, this principle of the essential equality of human beings cuts like a two-edged sword. Every alien rule based upon exploitation of another

race contains the seeds of unrest and revolution and makes against international stability and lasting peace.

It is a certainty that a peace built upon Christian fundamentals will be a constructive, and not a punitive or vindictive peace. The real task will be how to take the broken, twisted fragments of Europe and Asia after the war, and piece them together so that destitute and prostrate peoples can regain their feet and enter once again upon the world's work—how to replace destructive forces by constructive ones, how to surmount evil with good.

One of the major objectives of the peace will be to find ways and means which are practicable to prevent a repetition of what Germany did in 1870 and in 1914 and again in 1939. This means a strict and sternly exercised military control, political control and economic control for an extended period. It means, for instance, in Europe that German military forces must be demobilized, their weapons destroyed and German war plans dismantled. It means an effective supervision of German heavy industry. It means the prevention of future German autarchy. It means the elimination of nazis and fascists from the exercise of suffrage, from civil service, from holding governmental office. It means international supervision over the German educational system.

Yet these measures alone will not ensure a lasting peace. Of major vital importance will be the positive and constructive provisions of the treaty; and upon these build-

of the New World must insist unyieldingly.

Manifestly we cannot liquidate the German or Japanese people. Even though Germany has surrendered unconditionally, some eighty million Germans continue to occupy the heart of Europe. Some seventy million Japanese will continue to occupy a strategic part of Asia. Whether we like it or not, in our shrunken modern world we must continue to live and get along with them. In spite of their monstrous crime against humanity, they have not ceased to be human beings.

IV

These people must be given a chance to earn their daily bread. Neither Germany nor Japan could be reduced to a purely agricultural nation without liquidating a substantial portion of each country's population. Such a program is not practical. Furthermore, the Axis peoples must not be robbed of all hope for the future. We shall have to stimulate youth movements for peace rather than for war. We shall have to make of these millions of ex-enemy peoples a force for good in the years to come and not a hardened, inhuman force for future evil. They must be allowed to win back eventually a place in the family of nations—a chance to play their part again in the peaceful work of the world. Lasting peace cannot be permanently built upon division, no matter what the strength of an international police.

In this present hour, Christians must insist that peace henceforth be built upon foundations different from those of the past. Until

the outbreak of the First World War, the world was made up of disconnected, more or less isolated, sovereign states whose separate activities and policies had very little direct effect upon the lives of other peoples. In those days the peace was built upon a precarious balance of power between rival nations and groups of nations. What practically can be done to get away from the old system of peace built upon military alliances and balance of power?

Manifestly we must begin by laying the broad foundations for a people's peace. This can be done only through concerted and organized action by all free nations to advance human welfare along many different fronts. Free peoples are already on the march along this very pathway.

The relevance of Christianity to the present-day crisis is unique. Its teaching of the fatherhood of God and the consequent brotherhood of man—its unyielding emphasis upon the breakdown of every racial and national and social barrier which separates man from man—gives a universality of outlook and a motivating power which can set men and women aflame and save a civilization.

The enduring and precious values which all men crave and which alone give to life its value and its joy are distilled from self-sacrifice and tolerance and generosity. Only the way of brotherhood can ever adequately satisfy the insistent needs and eternal yearnings of humanity. Only the way of brotherhood can solve the present seemingly insoluble problems which threaten to wreck our civilization.

- TEXT: "Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels." (Read Jeremiah 18:1-6)

Clay in the Potter's Hands

By J. B. LAWRENCE, D.D.

Executive Secty.-Treas., Home Mission Board, Southern Baptist

THE fundamental teaching of this text is that there is the life of humanity—yea, in the life of every man—a hidden and unseen power whose mastery over thought, purpose, feeling and action is the deepest reality in the mystery of existence.



A proper reading of the history of the race is but an interpretation of the work of the Divine Potter as he shapes on the wheel of history the life of humanity. The flood, the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, the fall of Babylon, the destruction of Jerusalem, the breaking to pieces of the Roman Empire—and even the World War I and this present conflict—are all movements in the mills of eternity which under the management of the Sovereign Potter are grinding out a better destiny for the race.

As a master of power crudely defined, God can do with us as the potter does with the clay; but, as a matter of fact, God has introduced a new element into power—the element of mercy and love. God has a formative purpose for good for each of us and with patience and long-suffering effort he strives again and again to realize that purpose. He wants to make

out of each one a vessel fitted for his use.

The gospel of Christ is the gospel of a second chance. The raw material with which the potter works is clay. In the clay in the potter's hand there is the promise of an object of usefulness and beauty in the proportion to the way it yields to

the potter's will and skill.

We are like clay in God's hands. There are possibilities in each one of us to become vessels of beauty and honor if we but yield ourselves to the will of the Divine Potter. What God makes of us is determined by our reaction to his will.

I

We are told in the text that the clay was marred, but the potter kneaded it again and placed it on the wheel and shaped it into another vessel. The failure to make a vessel of honor was due to the perverseness of the clay and not to the will of the potter.

God put you and me on the wheel years ago, but perhaps we are not what God had planned to make.

We have resisted his will. It may be in our attitude toward sin. We say that we condemn sin; that is good, but do we condemn it in our

own lives? God demands personal cleanliness. There may be some habit which has fastened itself upon us. Not only a physical habit, but perhaps a mental habit—the habit of grouchiness and faultfinding.

II

Perhaps it may be that we have wronged our brother either in word or deed, and we are unwilling to repent of the wrong. It may be that we are dishonest with God, perhaps we have told him that we would do certain things and we have failed to do so. It may be that we are unwilling to surrender our wills to God, that he may fashion us after his will. It may be that we continually surround ourselves with an environment that makes God's work in us impossible. This resistance to God's will, in whatever form it may come or however it may be done, will keep God from carrying out his plan with us. If we resist, God cannot make out of us a vessel of honor.

There are three possibilities for

every life which, as a lump of clay, is in the hands of the Divine Potter: (1) There is the possibility of making a character after his own design and wish. This can be done only when we are plastic and yielding to the potter's touch and skill. (2) We can resist the potter's touch and make the first design of the potter impossible. Then the Potter must remold the vessel. (3) A further alternative is complete resistance, and the result, a life so hopelessly bad that no kind of vessel of honor can be made. Such lives are found, sooner or later, on humanity's rubbish heap.

III

The work of fashioning the vessel as it applies to your life and mine falls under one of these alternatives. God placed us on the wheel of his love years ago. Are we letting him have his way with us? If we yield to his love and cooperate with his will, he will make of us a vessel unto honor after the type and likeness of Christ.

An Officer's Prayer

○ Lord, save me from the temptations of my command: from arrogance which breeds reluctance in those who obey, from the know-all attitude that quiets the urgency to out-think the foe, from care of self which makes men safe but not free. Make me willing to brave any danger that I must require of others. Strengthen me inwardly so that the authority of my example always will exceed my rank.

Give me sense enough to be glad that I am one with my nation: its bitter struggle against slavery, its determination to make this indeed the century of the common man, its sacrifice to offer to all the world, a just and lasting peace.

And finally, Father, should this peril exact my last full measure of devotion, grant me to die confident that this warfare shall not have been in vain and assured that Thou wilt of Thy grace give me the Life Eternal which comes to those who strive to do the will of the Highest Eschelon. Amen.

—CHAPLAIN PAUL R. HORTIN

- TEXT: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12:1, 2.

The Goal Is Peace

By The RT. REV. ANGUS DUN

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Washington, D. C.

AS Americans and in a spirit of solemn thanksgiving, we give thanks for a victory over evil and tyrannous powers, for a victory in which our arms have taken an heroic part. We make a solemn dedication to the unfinished tasks of war and of peace which the dead have bequeathed to us; to patient and resolute continuance in the service of our country and of the one world of which it is an inseparable part.

As we call to mind the cloud of witnesses, all heroic and generously given lives, we look beyond them to him who is the King of Love. We look to him who was drafted in Heaven to throw his broken life into the balance of our human history and to stem the fierce powers of evil and offer new life to all mankind.

Our thankfulness will rise from the victory won for us in our earthly warfare to his victory in heavenly places, in which all may share whose lives are joined with his. Our remembrance will move from the great company of partly stained lives fully spent for our this-world good to that one utterly clean life once given for the sin of the whole world. Our dedication will be to



the renewed service of his kingdom.

The first word for today is *thankfulness*—unashamed thankfulness for the measure of victory already granted us over the satanic forces that despoiled so many lands, that brought slavery again into our world and recalled from banishment in hell the dark arts of torture. And as we think of the last victories we look back to the victories that went before.

I

We rejoice over the deliverance of many lands long oppressed, some of them almost to extinction—France, Holland, Norway, Greece. We are deeply glad for lives that have been spared. With humble gratitude we acknowledge that this deliverance has been wrought for us through the faithfulness and heroism of those who have given their lives, and by those who will bear through life the burden of broken bodies.

But even as we celebrate this great victory, we do not forget another victory, which on earth looked like a defeat. We hold our victory up to his, and pray that ours may be taken up and purged

and fulfilled in his. For him and for the Father who gave him the highest decoration granted in Heaven—the title of Son and Servant—there is no final victory until free men gladly give themselves to his service.

II

The second word for today is *remembrance*. We cannot bring our heroic dead here. The earthly part of them is buried in the common earth throughout the world, as is in the depths of every sea. But they are all around us. We cannot discriminate between them, the noble from the ignoble, the believers from the non-believers, Gentile, Jew, black or white. We can only commit them to God, to his judgment and his eternal keeping.

Another word for today is *dedication*—dedication to that for which they died. For what did they die? We answer almost too readily, "For freedom, for justice under law, for the equal basic rights and dignity of common men, for our American way of life, even for our Christian inheritance."

All of us must dedicate ourselves to work and think and pray for the best order we can make to guard the world's peace, the best order we can make out of the actual level of motives found in people like you and me all over the world. Surely for America we must swear to set forward the essential freedom of a man, be he Protestant, Catholic, Jew, unbeliever, black or white; and withstand the claims of "undebated power" in state or church or management of labor. And with freedom we must dedicate ourselves

to mutuality, to our deep involvement in one another's lives and fortunes, to our togetherness as a people and with other peoples, who think other thoughts than we and who have other ways, and who in the strange Providence of God might have something to teach us.

It is easy to pledge, but how hard to fulfill! How hard it will be to "run with *patience* the race that is set before us." Our allies will prove difficult to us—they already have—and we to them. The old interests, harnessed into a team by the strong resolves of war, will reassert themselves. Disillusionment will come. The deeply rooted hatreds of war will bring forth bitter fruit.

III

The cynic may shrug his shoulders and turn aside. The sentimental romanticist may stand starry-eyed today in easy hope. But the man with clear sight who knows himself called to pay his part of our debt to the dead, will be found upon his knees, asking God to give power beyond our powers and to pour out his spirit upon all flesh. That man will be found "looking unto Jesus," for in him "the love of God embodied in the life of the Chosen Man, meets the full impact of our common human blindness and self-seeking without resentment or pharisaical withdrawal, without piling hatred on hatred. There is One we can all put our trust and glory in, before whom all peoples could kneel, and be at peace."

(Excerpts from a sermon preached by Bishop Dun at the Washington Cathedral on the Sunday after V-E Day)

You Are There .

"My deepest impression is of the remarkable service rendered by the chaplains. They have never spared themselves"

Says

BISHOP HENRY KNOX SHERRILL

*Chairman, General Commission
on Army and Navy Chaplains*



Chaplain George R. Metcalfe of the Third U. S. Army greets Bishop Sherrill (U. S. Signal Corps)

FOR six weeks I have had the privilege of visiting chaplains in the European Theater of Operations in England, France, Belgium, Germany, plus a brief visit to Italy in the Mediterranean area. During this period, in traveling many thousands of miles every possible courtesy and opportunity were extended to me by the officers of the Army and Navy. Especially, I would mention Lt. General J. C. Lee, Chaplains Orrin C. Zaebst and Frank H. Lash, who traveled with me in England, and Chaplain E. Carter, my companion on the Continent. My only regret is that owing to the wide dispersal of our forces I was able to see only a fraction of the chaplains; however, I had the privilege of meeting between four and five hundred.

My deepest impression is of the remarkable service rendered by the chaplains of all the churches. They have lived with their units through many and varied experiences, never sparing themselves. The best testimony to this is found in the heavy casualties suffered by the Chaplains

Corps, as well as in the high regard held for the chaplains by all. We are indebted beyond measure to those who have carried the church to the men and women of the armed forces in the front line of combat, on board ship, in hospital and camp.

Secondly, I was impressed by the fact that many of the chaplains are tired. They have not only been under strain for months, but they have been constantly called upon to give without opportunity of quiet prayer and study to replenish their own reserves of strength, for the chaplain must always be on duty. I write this not so much in the way of sympathy—for they do not wish that—but in the interest of the effectiveness of their work. The Chief of Chaplains of the Army tells us that there is still a great shortage of chaplains, and the same is true of the Navy. I hope greatly that the churches will more than meet this need, so that the chaplains who have served for many months or even years, may have necessary relief.

In these conferences many other matters were (Continued on page 20)

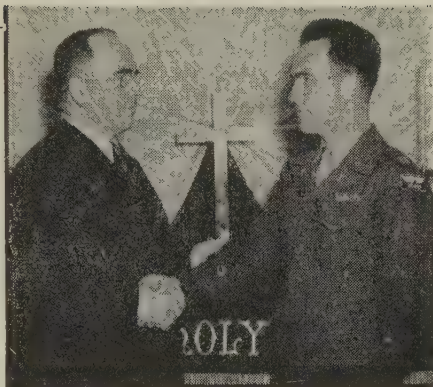
What Is It!

"That the chaplain has moved through this terrible period with increasing power, is tribute to his spiritual strength"

Says

BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM

President, Federal Council of Churches;
Chrmn., Service Men's Christian League



In the Mediterranean Theater, Bishop Oxnam greets his son, Chaplain Philip H. Oxnam

"THEY have won my respect and lasting gratitude." The speaker was a lieutenant colonel, whose battalion had been cited for a brave and brilliant achievement in one of the most difficult beachhead engagements of the Italian campaign. He was referring to the chaplains. "No chaplain will ever know what his presence means to combat officers and men. He carries no arms. But the fact he is there, and why he is there—that is it!"

I have just returned from an 18,000 mile tour in the European, Mediterranean and Middle East theaters, and have met about five hundred chaplains. I have had conferences with many officers, among them twenty-five generals. With but one exception, every general paid a similar tribute; and the exception was more of a reflection upon that officer's knowledge than upon the chaplain's service. This is not the place to pay tribute to the Protestant minister who serves today in the armed forces, nor to his Roman Catholic and Jewish colleague. The chaplain has won not alone the respect

of the soldier but of the church on the homefront.

I have stood in the cemeteries. The chaplains were there before me. I knew that the last words had been read by a devoted minister in uniform as the soldier or sailor had been laid to rest. I dedicated several chapels, one of which had been paid for by men of the air-force who wanted to build a memorial to their comrades who had not returned from the long and dangerous missions. But I knew that every chapel was but visible expression of the months of service of a chaplain.

I walked down the rows of beds in the great base hospitals, chatted for a moment or two with uncomplaining American boys, and all the while I was learning of the day-by-day ministry of the chaplain.

I talked to men who told me of the little things that are the big things, of a word of cheer, of a letter written to a wife who contemplated divorce but remained loyal, of innumerable services—and I came to understand why the chaplain appeared weary, but

carried on with firm resolve. I met the chaplains who must sit at desks and do administrative work, men who would far rather be with men in the field, but who do what must be done because they know the meaning of the common good.

I hope to make it clear to the church that the chaplain and the soldiers resent the psychological studies made by students who have never been in battle, studies that inform the wife and family that the returning soldier is likely to be a psycho-neurotic, studies that outline proper psychological approach to this strange being who will be coming home from overseas someday. Said one chaplain, "It does not help much to be called psycho-neurotic, when all it means in simple words is that we are 'nuts.'" The truth is, the overwhelming majority of soldiers are normal American boys who want to get the war over and get home.

I believe the home church is resolved to take proper care of the returning chaplain. I heard less discussion of this subject, however, than I had expected. One Texan, a lanky fellow and a good chaplain, drawled, "My church gave me my education, it gave me my preaching place, it gave me my Christ. It doesn't owe me a thing. I'm gettin' more money than I ever got. All I want from my church is to get me out of this army and into a little church, so I can preach."

But here is a problem: In churches in which the bishop appoints the minister to the church, the appointment can be made, but after that it will be up to the chaplain. Most of our chaplains have been so busy, they have been unable to keep up with their studies. No congregation can be held by the repetition of war reminiscences.

It is preaching, based on long and prayerful study, that is required. At the end of the first year, many chaplains may be facing a congregational request for a change. Thus the suggestion of refresher courses under the GI Bill of Rights, or provided by the churches in terms of scholarships, has some merit for those desiring study.

No man who has seen the chaplain at work fails to see that the chaplain is called upon to give, but there is no one to whom he can turn for help. He must help solve the problems of others, stand by them alone or in trouble, but when he faces his own problems, he must face them alone. It is only because of spiritual resources that he can carry on. The fact that the chaplain has moved through this terrible period with increasing power, is tribute to the spiritual strength he brought to the task and to his unflinching trust in One who never faileth.

Bishop Sherrill . . .

(Continued from page 18)

frankly discussed: religion at home and abroad, the question of refresher courses after demobilization and above all parochial opportunities for returned chaplains, to mention a few of the topics. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the General Commission, a full report will be made as to the views of the chaplains who were almost unanimous. What was found to be true in Europe is no doubt true in the Pacific.

To every chaplain who may read this, let me assure you of the gratitude of the churches at home, and the determination of the General Commission to support you in every possible way.

• Presenting . . .

The New Chief of Navy Chaplains

THE EDITORS of this magazine take pleasure in extending to Chaplain William N. Thomas, recently appointed Chief of Navy Chaplains, the congratulations of the General Commission and the Service Men's Christian League upon his assignment to this high office and the honor thus conferred upon him. We are sure that chaplains in all branches of the armed forces will join with us in our salute to the new Chief of Navy Chaplains.

Chaplain Thomas succeeds Chaplain Robert D. Workman who has with untiring devotion, capably filled this position for two four-year terms.

A native of Mississippi, Chaplain Thomas is well known in the service as well as in his own denomination, The Methodist Church, and has an outstanding record to his credit during his twenty-seven years as a Navy chaplain.

He was born in Rankin County, Mississippi, and was graduated from Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss., and attended Chicago Theological Seminary. In 1935 an



Chaplain Thomas

honorary doctor of divinity degree was conferred upon him by his alma mater, and in 1941 he received similar honor from The American University, Washington, D. C.

Chaplain Thomas entered the chaplaincy January 5, 1918, and has served

many stations in this country and at sea. During World War I, while assigned to Transport Service, he was awarded the Victory Medal with Bronze star.

After service aboard the *USS Madawaska* (1918-19), *USS Imperator* (Sept. 1919), *USS Pennsylvania* (1922-24), *USS Raleigh* (1927-29), *USS West Virginia* (1932-33); and after shore duty at the Naval Hospital, Fort Lyon, Colo. (Sept. 1919-Feb. 1922), Naval Academy, Annapolis (Aug. 1924-Oct. 1927), and the 14th Naval District (Nov. 1929-July 1932), Chaplain Thomas was re-assigned to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., in June 1933.

Chaplain and Mrs. Thomas have two sons: Lieut. William N. Thomas, Jr., of the Naval Medical Corps now in the South Pacific, and Edward, a student.

- Taking an objective inventory may help to make better use of our stock-on-hand

Self-Analysis Chart for Chaplains

By CHAPLAIN RAYMOND E. MUSSER

I SUPPOSE you know all there is to know about being a good chaplain for combat troops, or rear echelon joes, or marine commandos, or paratroops, or sailors, or whatever else I've missed in the roster of armed and unarmed forces for freedom. That's to be expected. And you listen with impatience to anyone who tries to improve you.

But Bobby Burns sang a song that lilted along: "Oh, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as others see us." How do you look to others, "Padre"?

Well, take an honest gander at this self-analysis checking list of the faults and foibles of ten types picked at unrighteous random from the Chaplains' Corps. Shining above the crowd as bright as planets amongst the stars are those good chaplains who serve with sincerity and self-abandon and are noted for availability, adaptability, intrepidity, stability, and several other "ilities." Then, in that great average mass of what the French call *comme ce*, *comme ca* are those notorious few who sink to a rank-crazy, work-lazy and purpose-hazy condition.

Come on! Grade yourself and then burn the addition before someone gets it into your 201-File. You could, by answering "no" to each and getting the full ten points, make a per-



fect score of 100; that is, if you were perfect—as a person or a prevaricator!

Grab a tight hold, for here we go! Grade yourself as follows: No, 10 points; Maybe, 5 points; Yes, 0 points.

(1) Are you the "holier-than-thou" type? Such a chaplain walks about the

area with affected dignity, like the one white sheep in a flock of black ones. If he catches his men at gambling he preaches against that evil at the very next service: you cannot depend upon it. If a fella falls before a fault and goes to his chaplain for fatherly counsel he gets a reprimand for his sin and not advice on how to get out of his trouble this time and overcome his next temptation. After a man is cut up by a booby-trap is no time to review his basic training: he needs to be patched up for the present and healed for the future.

Remember Jesus' story of the Samaritan? Of what good were the two chaplains who lifted their eyebrows and ecclesiastical skirts and passed by on the other side of the fallen brother? Are you the tongue-clucking prudish type?

(2) Are you the "card-punching" type? This grinning *garçon* goes about with a T/s card and a punch: one we have heard of has two sizes—fo-

big and little troubles. This *hale fellow, well met* walks around wise-cracking loud-voiced about soldiers' sins, back-slapping through the mess, hen-cackling down the hospital wards. His habits are often like those of a second lieutenant thrice bypassed by promotion, and his vocabulary like that of a cavalry colonel whose horse balked in a parade.

Save us from such shallowness! To the sweating soldier who comes in to see you, all out of breath, to him his trouble is serious, his problem is genuine: the least you can do is to treat it as such. It ain't funny, Chaplain! Throw your punch away! Are you the haw-haw, card-carrier type?

(3) *Are you the "off-the-cuff" preacher type?* Notoriously, chaplains are poor preachers, for which there are ample alibis. Some chaplains see the sermon of least importance of the week's routine, and treat it as such. He's the fellow the C. O. speaks of thus: "Well, he is a good mixer."

Literary societies may specialize in ten-minute preparations for spontaneous lectures, with outlines on the cuff; it is great fun. But preaching is serious business anywhere, and nowhere more so than in our Armed Forces. Some of the men you talk to may never hear another sermon!

A sermon outline out of the civilian barrel is insipid and chilly: tasteless frozen foods are not a good substitute.

Instead of changing papers from the "in" try to the "out" tray then back again, write out a sermon. Instead of becoming expert with the flyswatter get your boots down off that table, put away the cigar, get out the typewriter and peck off some serious thoughts for Sunday.

Is your preaching poor?

(4) *Are you the "complainer" type?* This kind of creature has been often pictured by GI cartoonists as "The Wailing Chaplain."

Surely, we have our troubles, too; but it will never, never do to air them to anybody and everybody. Physician, heal thyself!

Sitting by his pool of Bethesda, he sees others carried in by their friends. He sits there and fusses, out loud. Others get promoted, he doesn't; his accommodations are bad; other chaplains are jealous of him or put their friends in the choice seats of the synagogue; the Old Man isn't sympathetic or co-operative; and So-and-so is still serving in the States, living with his wife and children in a cream-puff set-up; *et cetera, ad infinitum*.

The influence of a wailing chaplain is nil. Do you expose your personal gripes publically?

(5) *Are you the "denominational" type?* You are a Christian first, a Protestant second, and your denominational idiosyncrasies are in third place. To give your own particular sect the foremost position is to have reversed your duty of administering to the men and their religious needs.

In our American Forces all who are not Jewish or Roman Catholic are lumped together under the one term—Protestant. Greek Orthodox Catholics, Anglicans, and Lutherans worship with the Evangelicals. A chaplain must be fair to the two poles of liturgy and tradition in his general worship; he must be broad enough to sometimes follow the Nicene Creed with a gospel song or to occasionally use a litany in place of spontaneous prayer. He must be GI. Are you the strictly sectarian type?

(6) *Are you the "Sunday-chaplain" type?* It is a common country-wide claim that preachers work only one day a week—Sunday; and in many instances it is not without foundation.

We have seen a chaplain in a camp situation come to his office at 10:30 from his apartment in town, go to mess at 1130, return after a nap at 1400, go back to town at 1600. He was unavailable to his soldiers. He put all his eggs in a Sunday basket, a day when two-thirds of his parish was on day leave.

Over here in a theater of operation and out there on the high seas each of the seven days are exactly alike. A faithful chaplain forgets what day Sunday is, and rightly so. Sometimes on deck or in bivouac a sunny Sunday morning may have an emotional attraction, but usually it is much easier to assemble a group after chow on, say, Monday. And besides, more often than not one has many groups: why try to visit them all on Sunday and let the week go unused? We would profit by following the circuit-riding techniques of the pioneer preachers. Are you the Sunday-go-to-meeting type?

(7) *Are you the "desk chaplain" type?* Many chaplains own too many pairs of pinks.

It is a tradition that every chaplain have an "office" of mortar, wood, or canvas. It is his headquarters; it is where men search for him; it is where he does his necessary paper work and study. It is a cozy place, usually; and some chaplains fall for the temptation to make it a spot for their hindquarters. At first they sit and work or sit and read, but after a while they sit and talk or sit and smoke,

Some sit and nod while others just sit.

If the office has become "a house by the side of the road where the race of men go by," well and good. But if you have 800 men in your battalion and only 60 men—2 a day—drop in, it's a poor percentage of coverage for parish visitation. Whereas a few men will miss you if you go out a-visiting over the area, scores will see you that otherwise wouldn't. If you sweat and suffer a little more with them they'll pray and commune a bit more with you in your chapel.

Are you the hot-house type chaplain?

(8) *Are you the "officers' chaplain" type?* Well, now, you are an officer and you aren't. You're like a Transportation Corps duck, which is neither boat nor truck: it is both. You are a chaplain with rank of captain. You are both officer and common soldier.

The chaplain who shudders at the very thought of eating with the EM at the chow before church needs to re-examine the purpose of his appointment in the Armed Forces. The more he holds himself aloof as an officer the further he gets away from his men.

The Christ used His rank to get something for His men, never for Himself: there's your Example, Chaplain!

Your finest compliment can come like this: "Aw, at ease, fellows; it's the Chaplain. Come on in, Chaplain."

Surely, officers are members of your parish, too; but are you strictly a brass-hat chaplain?

(9) *Are you the "sad-sacks'-chaplain" type?* The goldbricks and the fellows who are all fouled up in the

company learn to hide behind the cloak of the chaplain. Too, they soon learn which chaplain they can hood-wink and which they can't. A maligner, a coward, a dead-beat will change chaplains when each sees he isn't fooling his own.

Do you go to bat for a man against his officer or his first sergeant on a half-baked story? Do you sympathize with a whimpering coward at the aid station against his doctor?

If it's a genuine gripe, a real problem, an evident unfairness, give him your best; but are you a sucker for crummy cases? Are you a shyster lawyer for the maligners?

(10) *Are you the "hard-shelled-American" type?* Since Abraham each race of people has thought itself superior to its neighbors. Such pride and arrogance are the roots from which the shoots of war rise. Traditional American magnanimity does not stoop to this racial superiority.

Many Americans reason from the premise that anything European or Oriental is inferior to their own, and poke fun at some samples of culture tested and tried for centuries. To prefer jazz to master music, whiskey to wine, movies to opera, comic books to literature, jitterbugging to waltzing, and mademoiselles to museums are not traits of national character to openly boast of! Do you, too, fall for this common sin?

Study the French Protestant Church, for an illustration, as to its national and parish organization, its complete unity, its placing and payment of preachers, its catechizing of recruits and many such unique improvements on American Protestantism.

The crab, in order to grow, must crack and crawl out of its hard shell. As we Virginians say, "How about that?" Are you too hard-shelled to learn something from where you have been and what you have seen in this war?

IN LIGHTER VEIN

- WE NEVER LOSE our religion by a blow out; usually it is just a slow leak. . . . Many treat their religion like a spare tire; they never use it except in case of emergency.

- IF YOU WANT to kill time why not try working it to death. . . . Too many try to keep in circulation by just running around. . . . The fellow who isn't fired with enthusiasm is apt to be fired.

- CHIEF DIFFERENCE between this and past generations is that patches have been changed from trousers to tubes.

- THE GREAT USE of life is to spend it for something that outlasts it. . . . Investigate before you invest.

- NOT BEING an Act of Congress, the law of compensation will always work if given time enough.

- DO YOU THINK a soldier or sailor would feel justified in dying to preserve the kind of life that you and I are personally living?

- You can't keep your spirits up by drinking the spirits down. . . . I'm afraid the younger set is fast becoming the younger sots.

- The greatest war song ever written is: "Here Comes the Bride."

—Submitted by Chaplain Jesse L. Smith

Our Class in Homiletics

☉ CLERGYMEN always have had to choose between disregarding or accepting the progress of science. Cotton Mather who, late in life, said that his inclination to do good had made the world, "really too hot a place for me to continue in," stood alone for inoculation against smallpox with the result that some aggrieved citizen tossed a bomb into his bedroom. It may be recalled that Bishop Phillips Brooks upon his return from England said to Bishop William Lawrence, "I heard dear old Bishop Wordsworth in Westminster Abbey say that cremation by its destruction of the atoms of the body would do away with the truth of the resurrection, so I have now become vice-president of a cremation society as a protest against such queer ideas."

☉ DR. CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN in his autobiography refers to the wag who catalogued sermons in barrels as "dried tongue." He spoke of ministers who read the Scriptures and their sermons as if they "were reading the minutes of the last meeting" and observed that "the conclusion for a preacher ought to be just as suitable as is a landing place for an aviator."

☉ FREQUENTLY, it is urged that theological seminaries should teach the art of speech such as Hollywood requires of its actors and the radio of its commentators. It should be remembered, however, that Paul possessed something that overcame his infirmity of speech. Once Vice-President Wilson said of Senator Charles Sumner, the stickler for perfect English, "the fact is, Sumner always resents the conduct of hoot owls in Massachusetts for not saying "To whom! To whom!" Precision in the pulpit can be overdone.

☉ ABRAHAM LINCOLN once told the editor of a newspaper that had been lampooning him, about a traveler who had been overtaken on the plains by a terrific storm. He was not a praying man but he stammered out this prayer which might come from the pew: "Oh, Lord, if it's all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise."

☉ GEORGE WHITFIELD, who styled himself a "Gospel Rover" in a letter to John Wesley wrote: "Do you ask what I am doing? I answer, Ranging and hunting the American woods after poor sinners." So intensely did he feel the urgency of his mission that he said, "God forbid that I should travel with anybody a quarter of an hour without speaking of Christ to him."

☉ DR. LYMAN BEECHER described a listener in his congregation thus: "He made me think of a partridge on a dead limb, watching me when I was trying to get a bead on him."

- Excerpts from a talk to GIs concerning their return home

When GIs Doff The Uniform

By CHAPLAIN GEORGE C. PEARSON

YOU have accomplished your duty to the armed forces, and now the Army is returning you to civilian activities. A great deal of praise, rightly, goes to you. However, your love for our nation will have many opportunities to show itself in civilian life. In all probability, the succeeding days of readjustment will test your patriotism. You may be an inactive soldier, but you should never be an inactive patriot.



The change to "civies" will be as radical as was the change to uniform. The Army is endeavoring to make this change easy through various means, such as mustering out pay, plans for further education, suggestions on getting you a job, jobless insurance, etc.

If you are to make the transition successfully, you will of necessity have a correct personal attitude: First, you should recognize that both you and the tempo of civilian life have changed. Such recognition will make the going much easier for you and will lessen the chance of friction. Then, you will have to face the fact that you have matured, basically by the simple process of growing older. Environment has influenced you; you have gone places and seen things. So

don't count on wearing the clothes you left behind; they won't fit. Neither will you be able to put on the old mental habits.

You have acquired military habits and attitudes which must be adapted to civilian life—for you are accustomed to doing what you have been told to do—that is military discipline. Now you must discipline yourself. Often you may find yourself waiting for orders, when it will be up to you to order yourself.

I

You have learned to apply literally the Biblical thought "take no thought for the morrow." The Army has provided everything. You ask, "When do we eat?" not, "What?" or, "Who pays for it?" You are not worried over your clothes; when they wear out you exchange them for new ones through the supply sergeant. Try that on your shoe store at home!

You may have acquired an irresponsibility toward finances. Your cash, what little you have had, has little visible relation to your needs. It was "spending money." Your wife and children, also, had a dependable income ir-

respective of yours. You could spend every cent on pay day, or lose it all at poker, and neither go hungry nor deprive your dependents. That source of income stops now; from now on you must stretch your finances over all of your dependents and yourself.

You will adopt a new relation to your skill. You have grown rusty as you have not worked at your old trade. The military set-up and the civilian way of doing things will be different. New methods have been introduced on the homefront. You will have to readjust, or retain yourself. If you return to your old job you may feel you are not as good a man on the job as when you were drafted. It will take time to get keyed up and into your stride. But if you keep this in mind and do not become discouraged your skill will return with practice.

II

Perhaps your attitude toward the home town has changed. You may not be content there. You will find that faces have changed. Time has brought deaths; people have arrived and departed. War may have changed the character of the community by subtraction or addition of industries. You will note changes in church, lodge, unions, neighbors and friends. You are apt to feel lonely. But go home expecting to adapt yourself to these changes, and you will find that the folks will meet you half way.

The family has changed. The members have grown older: the kids have grown up, the old folks have become enfeebled and some have died. Your wife has matured. Perhaps she is a mother.

Perhaps you will not know the boss, the contractor, the union secretary, the men with whom you did business in the other firms. But by your own healthy attitude you have a large responsibility in re-establishing yourself in civilian life. You made yourself into a good soldier. You certainly have the courage, and the keenness of mind to reverse the process.

III

To help you in your period of adjustment here are some of the pitfalls you will want to sidestep:

You should recognize that the changes are not all in the folks back home. They will see a change in you. You must be tolerant of your community's attitude toward you. It may swing from a wild reception to a cool indifference when, if you start sympathizing with yourself, you will be tempted to believe you are a forgotten man. Be careful of *your* attitudes.

You must not allow yourself to become embittered, especially over the thought that the defense workers received greater pay than you did. By a true comparison their advantage was not much. They have *had* their reward, but yours will *continue*.

You are among the most important people in the United States today. Veterans and their families will form a block of 20 to 30 million votes for many years. The future of America is in your hands. With generosity, patience, courage and foresight you can make America the dream for which you braved the dangers of battle.

May God guard and guide you as you doff your uniform!

- *Lasting peace, is a fitting memorial to men on Iwo Jima*

In Praise of the Dead

By CHAPLAIN ROLAND B. GITTELSON

THIS is perhaps the grimmest, and surely the holiest task we have faced since D-Day. Here before us lie the bodies of comrades and friends. Men who until yesterday or last week laughed with us, joked with us, trained with us. Men who were on the same ships with us, and went over the sides with us as we prepared to hit the beaches of this island. Men who fought with us and feared with us.

Somewhere in this plot of ground there may lie the man who could have discovered the cure for cancer. Under one of these Christian crosses or beneath a Jewish Star of David, there may rest now a man who was destined to be a great prophet—to find the way, perhaps, for all to live in plenty, with poverty and hardship for none. Now they lie here silently in this sacred soil, and we gather to consecrate this earth in their memory.

It is not easy to do so. Some of us have buried our closest friends here. We saw these men killed with our very eyes, and any one of us might have died in their places. Indeed, some of us are alive and breathing at this very moment only because men who lie here beneath us had the courage and strength to give their lives for ours. To speak in memory of such men as these is not easy. Of



them, too, can it be said with utter truth: The world will little note nor long remember what we say here. It can never forget what they did here.

No, our poor power of speech can add nothing to what these men and the other head of our division who are not here have already done. All that we even hope to do is follow their example: to show the same selfless courage in peace that they did in war; to swear that by the grace of God and the stubborn strength and power of human will, their sons and ours shall never suffer these pains again.

These men have done their job well. They have paid the ghastly price of freedom. If that freedom be once again lost, as it was after the last war, the unforgivable blame will be ours, not theirs. So it is we, the living, who are here to be dedicated and consecrated.

We dedicate ourselves, first, to live together in peace the way they fought and are buried in this war. Here lie men who loved America because their ancestors' generations ago helped in her founding, and other men who loved her with equal passion because they themselves or their own fathers escaped from oppression to her blessed

shores. Here lie officers and men, Negroes and white, rich men and poor—together. Here are Protestants, Catholics and Jews—together. Here no man prefers another because of his faith or despises him because of his color. Here there are no quotas of how many from each group are admitted or allowed. Among these men there is no discrimination, no prejudice, no hatred. Theirs is the highest and purest democracy.

Any man among us, the living, who fails to understand that will thereby betrays those who lie here dead. Whoever of us lifts his hand in hate against a brother, or thinks himself superior to those who happen to be in the minority, makes of this ceremony and of the bloody sacrifice it commemorates an empty, hollow mockery.

Thus, then as our solemn sacred duty, do we, the living, now dedicate ourselves—to the right of Protestants, Catholics and Jews, of white men and Negroes alike, to enjoy the democracy for which all of them have here paid the price.

To one thing more do we consecrate ourselves in memory of those who sleep beneath these crosses and stars. We shall not foolishly suppose, as did the last generation of America's fighting men, that victory on the battlefield will automatically guarantee the triumph of democracy at home. This war, with all its frightful heartaches and suffering, is but the beginning of our generation's struggle for democracy. When the last battle has been won, there will be those at home, as there were last time, who will want us to turn our backs on selfish isolation on the rest of organized humanity and thus to sabotage the very peace for which we fight. We promise

you who lie here: We will not do that! We will join hands with Britain, China, Russia in peace, even as we have in war, to build the kind of world for which you died.

"When the last shot has been fired, there will still be those whose eyes are turned backward, not forward, who will be satisfied with those wide extremes of poverty and wealth in which the seeds of another war can breed. We promise you, our departed comrades: This, too, we will not permit. This war has been fought by the common man; its fruits of peace must be enjoyed by the common man! We promise, by all that is sacred and holy, that your sons, the sons of miners and millers, the sons of farmers and workers, will inherit from your death the right to a living that is decent and secure.

When the final cross has been placed in the last cemetery, once again there will be those to whom profit is more important than peace, who will insist with the voice of sweet reasonableness and appeasement that it is better to trade with the enemies of mankind than, by crushing them, to lose their profit.

To you who sleep here silently, we give our promise: We will not listen! We will not forget that some of you were burnt with oil that came from American wells, that many of you were killed by shells fashioned from American steel. We promise that when once again men seek profit at your expense, we shall remember how you looked when we placed you reverently, lovingly, in the ground.

Thus do we memorialize those who, having ceased living with us, now live within us. Thus do we consecrate ourselves, the living, to carry on the

struggle they began. Too much blood has gone into this soil for us to let it lie barren. Too much pain and heartache have fertilized the earth on which we stand.

We here solemnly swear: This shall not be in vain! Out of this, and from

the suffering and sorrow of those who mourn this, will come—we promise—the birth of a new freedom for the sons of men everywhere.

NOTE: This address, given wide publicity, was delivered at a dedication of a cemetery on Iwo Jima, where Chaplain Güttelsohn was the Jewish Chaplain of the 5th Marine Division.

To Chaplains Near and Far

Washington, D. C.

DEAR Brethren:

This is a brief note to express sincere gratitude to nearly 2,000 of you who have responded to our letter of January 25, 1945, requesting the names of young men who have evidenced an interest in the Christian ministry following demobilization. In all probability this is the first time in the history of American Protestantism that a unified organization has enlisted clergymen representing nearly fifty denominations in securing recruits for the Christian ministry.

At the last meeting of the General Commission, a member reported that we had sent his denomination 33 names of prospective ministerial candidates. A careful check revealed that only one of these names had been sent by a chaplain of his own denomination. That particular communion has been thrilled to receive 32 names recommended by chaplains of other groups.

Theological schools are preparing for emphasis on postwar training. Within the next ten years, in all probability, there will be a sufficient recruitment for the ministry to enable the church to advance in strength toward the stabilization of the new world for which you and your associates have been striving at the four corners of the earth.

The ministerial recruits you have recommended not only have a gratifying degree of preliminary education but show definite signs of leadership. Since these closing months of war in the Pacific and the period of demobilization will represent a period when further procurement of ministerial recruits will be especially profitable, may I urge that you furnish us with additional names. You may send us duplicate questionnaires, or if you need copies, we will supply them upon request.

Faithfully yours,

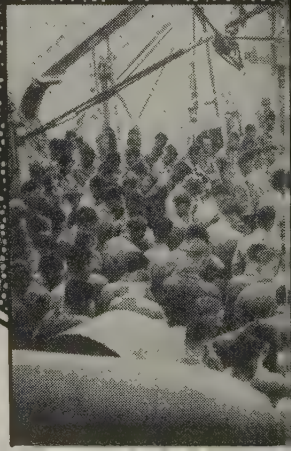
EDWIN F. LEE

(Director, General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains)



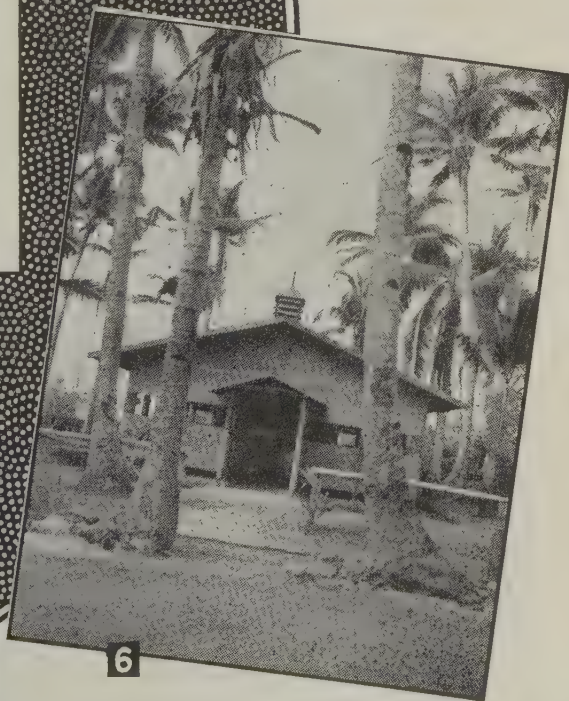
(1) Chaplain John E. Hollinger
the front lines at Iwo Jima

(2) Much appreciated by Navy
Department to the churches
Lonnie W. Meachum, of First
his. (3) Chaplain Frank L. K
Marshallse island; the interpre
make him understood to the
meetings. (4) Chaplain Char
with rampaging Marines of
made of ammunition boxes r
aboard a transport bound for
Van Meter leads them to the
somewhere in the Philippine I
Chaplain Floyd W. Cooper





5. Instructed services 500 yards behind
 the Pfc. Chester A. Anderson.
 6. The certificate sent by the Navy
 to the service. Here Chaplain
 Christian, Virginia Beach, Va., displays
 the certificate. (5) Marines
 and interpreter and family on a
 boat. (6) Sunset Chapel, located
 on the atoll, under the supervision of
 the arrival of his Service Group.



TOWARD A LASTING PEACE

A monthly analysis, prepared in co-operation with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of current endeavors in the field of peace-planning

By JACOB SIMPSON PAYTON

Property Lines

RECENTLY there was on display in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., an old geography. The rare volume was opened at a double-page display of a secret map from the Portuguese Archives in which the royal cosmographer had drawn a line from the Arctic Circle through Labrador and continuing southward just east of the estuary of the Amazon River. By edict of Pope Alexander VI in 1493 the Portuguese were given the right to explore everything to the east and the Spaniards everything to the west of this line of demarcation with the understanding that finders should be keepers.

When Francis I of France discovered this high-handed manner of slicing the world in half, he said to Charles V of Spain: "Your Majesty and the King of Portugal have divided the world between you. Show me, I pray you, the will of our father Adam, so that I may see if he has made you his only universal heirs." Adam had the distinction of leaving the most difficult problem of property distribution on record.

It cropped out again with the cessation of hostilities in Europe. Marshal Stalin reaffirmed his intention of holding the eastern portion of Poland. Marshal Tito attempted to take Trieste for Yugoslavia and General DeGaulle expected at least some bases in Syria and Lebanon for France. Without passing judgment on the rights of their claims, we here only mention that this scramble for territory is the conduct of many nations after the firing has ceased.

The Evidence Stand

IT MAY BE CLAIMED that since all nations have not advanced to the same high ethical level, it will be necessary to water down the Atlantic Charter which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill signed August 14, 1941, and 22 accredited representatives of other governments signed in Washington, January 1, 1942. All of them subscribed to these aims: "First, Their countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or otherwise; Second, They desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned; Third, They respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

That was a pact signed by Anti-Axis Allies—a clear-cut, forthright declaration of the policy to be adhered to when the enemy had been defeated. And now some of the signatory nations are tempted to shear a slice of territory from their neighbor's possessions or pick up a few spoils of war in the form of islands and seaports. Again avarice threatens to nullify the pledged word, and changes of boundary lines bid fair to follow changes of mind. "We must make sure," said Mr. Churchill in his broadcast following V-E Day, "that those causes which we fought for find recognition at the peace table in fact as well as in words." The causes may be found in the Atlantic Charter and agreed to by the majority of nations.

Warning Worth Heeding

WHILE THE panacea for peace is now under consideration by the nations of the world, it is fitting to point out the greatest hinderance. It is of course the covetousness of nations. Underlings not to be coveted in the Ten Commandments appears "lands" and the list closes with this rather inclusive sentence, "nor anything that thy neighbors." It is sheer folly to hope to maintain a Good Neighbor policy or to form the world into a community of peaceable neighbors, so long as rulers disobey this commandment. This is not preaching; one does not need to attend church to learn this. Historians have confirmed the truth a thousand times.

The basis of an enduring peace must rest upon a due respect for that belongs to another nation. Jesus enumerated thirteen evils that "come from within and defile the man," and among them is covetousness. It is the setting sin of aggressors as we who have witnessed the thievery and the guggery of Germany and Japan well understand. Perhaps no better furnishing could be provided to meet the eyes of those at the peace table than a banner bearing the admonition of Jesus: "Take heed and beware of covetousness."

They Had Their Day

THE WAY of the aggressor, like that of any other transgressor, is hard. We all pass over the ignominious fate of Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler and refer only to evidence of this fact seen in the vanishing of the last semblance of the latter's Empire in Washington. High on a terrace on Massachusetts Avenue facing Thomas Circle stands an antiquated, red brick building. Since 1893 it has housed the German Embassy. Within its walls there have been dispensed disarming hospitality with much dining and drinking, and always with a view towards impressing the guests that

great was Germany among the nations.

On a day late in May something entirely new happened at the historic old building; a sign was placed over the door: "Former German Embassy. Under custody of the Department of State." The German government had ceased to exist!

Symptomatic of the ruin wrought by Nazi usurpation of Germany was the sight that met officials and newsmen as they entered the building. From its former place of honor the oil portrait of Adolf Hitler, presented by the Third Reich in the day of Der Fuehrer's glory, and another of Field Marshal Paul von Hindenberg, lay dumped in a dusty store-room. The great ballroom so often thronged with distinguished guests was cluttered with packing cases. There was no merrymaking, no mugs of imported Munich beer held high with screeching "Heil Hitlers"; instead, the spacious halls presented a scene of desolation suitable only as a meeting place of the ghosts of departed revellers!

Self-Destruction

FROM THE TIME Hans Luther, a former Reichmarshal, arrived to represent the Nazi government until suave, handsome Hans Thomsen, Norwegian-born Hitlerite, was given his walking papers, that old house had been a place of intrigue. There the war-planners masqueraded as peace-lovers. The jovial envoys of the brown-shirt autocracy entertained members of Congress, of the Cabinet and of the Army and the Navy corps, and some of them they almost fooled as they pictured Hitler as a demigod, Nazism as invincible and totalitarianism as a boon that even might be worth trying out in America.

And the well-oiled diplomatic machinery worked in silence as it dispatched agents to South America and throughout the United States to work fast and insidiously against the White

House, Downing Street and Quai d'Orsay and always for the glory of the Wilhelmstrasse. On the day that for the first time in the long diplomatic history of Washington an embassy stood vacant because it had no government, the banners of the swastika were down everywhere.

San Francisco in Retrospect

¶ It is not strange that there have been some disappointing reactions to the San Francisco Conference. After the first fanfare that attended the opening sessions, after curiosity had spent itself on colorful delegates and some of the personages that made news had departed, there was a perceptible waning of public interest in the sessions. Although the subsequent weeks during which delegates spent their time in committee meetings may have seemed the dulllest, undoubtedly they were the most profitable. For then they got down to what was the sheer drudgery of going over item by item the proposals before them, of extricating themselves from deadlocks and of giving patient attention to the fears, grievances and suggestions of representatives of more than half a hundred nations.

The dispatches released by some 900 reporters were not always conducive to confidence in the progress of the conference. Under pressure of producing exclusive and hot news quite naturally the tendency was to feature the clashes and the disagreements rather than the less dramatic, but more, general conditions of accord.

It may not be profitable to speculate upon the added value of the conference had it been held at an earlier date. Nevertheless, there would have been advantages of having the information of the late President Roosevelt on mooted questions, avoidance of the diversion of attention caused by V-E Day and perhaps a more unified interest in establishing an organ-

ization for world peace before the occurrence of such disconcerting incidents as those in Poland, Greece, Trieste and Syria and Lebanon. That the mightiest machinery for peace ever seen was assembled in San Francisco, that it was thrown into gear and moved out into areas and over terrain never before traversed and arrived at goals of international understanding never before reached constitute the most hopeful achievement of our age.

Troublesome Russia

¶ How SHALL Russia be dealt with? Many feel that nothing will insure the peace of the future quite so much as the successful answer to that question. A good beginning might be to quit goading her. Critics find fault with Russia because she is uncooperative. They did not say that however, when before the might of Germany's efficient divisions she left her dead strewn from her southern border to the gates of Leningrad, nor when she re-enforced her decimated ranks and fought doggedly across the scorched earth all the way to Berlin.

Of course Commissar Joseph Stalin is irritating, remaining remote and cunning like Odin in the halls of Valhalla. Americans complain of this way he refused newsmen and military guests to view his armies in action, delayed reports on Lend-Lease for the U.S.S.R., prefers to deal with German war criminals in his own way, and of the unique manner in which he interprets the agreement at Yalta concerning Poland. Certainly the vast majority of Americans do not like Communism. We cast our lot with Russia to overthrow Nazism, however, in spite of our dislike and distrust of that form of government.

Somehow a way must be found to keep on friendly terms with Russia in the interests of the better world that leaders who are weary of chaos and contention are trying to shape

The former Chief of Navy Chaplains
commends the chaplains in blue in this . . .

Report from the Pacific

By CHAPLAIN ROBERT D. WORKMAN

ON May 1, I returned from a 25,000 mile tour of the Pacific Ocean Area. During the three and a half months spent visiting military activities in that theater, I was privileged to see and visit with nearly 100 Navy chaplains, and also enjoyed the courtesy of visiting with many army chaplains.

The conviction that we may all be proud of our religious contribution was strengthened as I traveled from place to place and observed the influence that chaplains are exerting on the minds and souls of our fighting men. From each new command I visited, came a continuing stream of evidence pointing to the fact that the chaplains are performing their duties in a manner not only in keeping with, but above "the best traditions."

This was especially reflected in the emphasis that is placed on the chaplains' contribution to the well-being of his organization. "I couldn't get along without my chaplain!" or, "My chaplain is doing a splendid job—a job only he could do!" were typical of the comments made by commanding officers time after time.

And from the chaplains themselves: "I've got the finest job in the world!" or, "I couldn't ask for a more satisfying ministry; it has been much, much more than I ever dreamed it could be."

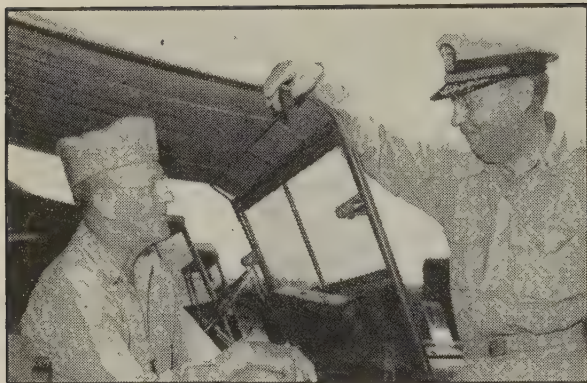
The officers and men demonstrate their affection and respect for the

religious program by filling chapels to overflowing, by co-operation in a hundred and one different ways with their chaplains, by supporting their work with volunteer efforts and enthusiastic willingness to "help the chaplains get the job done."

With surprisingly few exceptions, all of our chaplains are finding an outstanding opportunity for service that is humbling and challenging.

It was a genuine benediction to witness the consecration of gentle, peace-loving men of God, adjusting themselves to the regimen of war—suffering the inconveniences of heat and seemingly unmindful of insects, bearing with the lack of ordinary creature comforts, willingly enduring the heart-testing separation from home and loved ones. Yes, morale is high among our chaplains; they are far too devoted to their ministry to permit selfish thoughts or allow themselves to complain of their lot.

Immeasurable enthusiasm was in evidence all along the route. Opportunities for service seemed limited only by the chaplains' individual vision, imagination and abilities. This was demonstrated most forcefully in the chapels that have been provided for worship. Almost every chapel in the Pacific theater has a story of its own, and back of its story, is the ingenuity of an enthusiastic chaplain who determined that his congregation should be furnished a place of wor-



★
Chaplain Robert D. Workman, former U. S. Navy Chief of Chaplains, sitting in a jeep, talks over a problem with Chaplain C. A. Neyman, somewhere in a forward area on the island of Guam. (Official U. S. Marine corps Photo.)
★

ship that would be an honor to the God he serves.

It was my privilege to be present at the dedication of fourteen chapels. They were constructed with architectural dignity and simplicity, many of them planned and designed by the chaplains themselves, with much of the work done by volunteer labor.

Always, I shall treasure unforgettable memories of the hundreds of chaplains I met. Far from home and loved ones, frequently beset by seemingly insuperable obstacles, they carry on in a manner that is bringing honor, distinction and respect to the chaplaincy. I was impressed by the

spirit and devotion of those chaplains who serve enthusiastically, cheerfully and faithfully though they are far from the excitement and the stimulation that comes from close proximity to the fighting fronts. Yes, our chaplains are measuring up.

And when, after the war ends and peace returns, many return to their civilian pastorates, they will take with them the courage, the spirit of service, the breadth of vision and the vitality of their Navy ministry. I promise you that they will form a real force for the strengthening of the church and his kingdom in the postwar world.

☛ SALARIES AND AGES of American clergymen are recorded by the Bureau of the Census in what the Federal Council of Churches periodical "Information Service" calls "the only information of this kind and scope ever gathered in the United States." A few of the figures reported, as of the year 1939, are these: Of 140,077 ministers 136,769 were men, 3,308 were women. Of the 136,769 men, 112,509 reported that they gave all the year to the ministry. Of these, those reporting salaries below \$600 were 24.4 per cent; below \$1,200, 51 per cent; below \$1,600, 72.3 per cent; below \$2,500, 90.8 per cent; below \$5,000, 98.8 per cent. As to age, of the 133,449 men reporting, 51.8 per cent were more than 45 years old. Their "median age" was 45.8 years. The median age in other occupations was: Farming, 46.6 years; medicine, 44.1; law, 42; education (college), 40.8; architecture, 43; social work, 37.5. (*Presbyterian Interdenominational News*)

One man's gripe may be another man's grace.
But we're fighting for freedom of the spleen too!

Inside the Chaplaincy

By PARKER SWIFT

(*A chaplain's nom-de-plume*)

THE other day I wrote a personal letter to the editor of this journal. And in it I suggested—purely in a spirit of spleen, I suppose—that what the CHAPLAIN needs is an occasional critical appraisal of the chaplaincy. The editor bounced back with an invitation to “grouse away—maybe some fellow will join you at the wailing wall!” He indicated that it might be diverting if, instead of writing glowingly about the glories of our profession, some chaplain would really take down his hair.” It seemed that I was elected. So here goes:

First, let me say I enjoy the “career chaplains.” Whenever a chaplain addresses the Kingdom of God above getting ahead,” these fellows exhibit puzzled look on their faces. Maybe they get an uneasy conscience on the subject—providing they have one after all these years of “boot-licking.” If a new chaplain evidences signs of moral courage, they rise to the occasion with a lecture on how to get along. Of necessity, the military cannot be changed; but there are times when one clear word about essential morality is needed. The reserves must work for the “staff-officer” chaplain because he comes first, and usually he is “desirable” from the C. O.’s point of view.

The “big boys” playing soldiers are fascinating, too. Chaplains who generally had small churches (if any)

in civilian life become important in a uniform. Most of them know more about military tactics than theology, and are more at home with regulations than with the Scriptures. No wonder there is such confusion as to the function of a chaplain! A lot of people are misled by the “big boys.” Still the churches like to think that chaplains are for spiritual things. The men will tell you different; they have seen “big boys” and perhaps wondered what the cross really signified, anyway.

Then, too, I enjoy the myth of regulations. We are told that here is sure and certain progress as against the last war. Now, in terms of getting things, they don’t mean a hoot! The chaplain who banks on them gets in trouble—simply because spiritual concerns and coercion do not mix for long. We get exactly what the C. O. wants us to get—no more. Not so, however, with Red Cross personnel. They have a system for us if we want to conserve our spirituality, our efficiency, our vitality.

Rank for chaplains is, in plain words, a racket. Instead of protecting the best spiritual interests of the churches it leads to unnecessary confusion and corruption. Who can deny that the historic relationship of church and state has been abrogated by the practical functioning of the Chaplain Corps? The state pays us—therefore

it is bound to exert primary controls.

The church hypocritically refers to "our chaplains" when it only superficially controls them. My church tells me it can do nothing now. I agree; the war must be won. Make the best adjustment now, we are told, and perhaps improvement can be made later. Still, it is a question how long we can afford to have good men go on getting more and more skeptical about the church and more and more afraid to say, at least to the church, what they see, know and believe.

And finally, I like the struggle to keep's one's plume unspotted by all this. Some of my friends in the chaplaincy have lost their fire and their integrity. They will not return to churches. I hope it does not happen to me. It may be a stubborn trait, but a few of us have come to know that the only thing that lasts is the knowledge of a faithful preaching and living of the acceptable year of the Lord; that day when men will rise above

their divisions to stand and work together on a new plane—a world order under God—with the same kind of faith in democratic processes that many humble people have always had.

A few good colleagues have helped me to keep trying to be the kind of chaplain who still holds the faith which helps men to believe that something positive can be done for themselves and the world. In spite of the system, I know a few who are leading men to see that the big task of their day, after victory is ours, is to bind humanity into one co-operative world socially, spiritually, economically. They meet the challenge of all high religion.

The "staff officers," the "rank-mad," the "military" chaplains have their reward—now. But the others will also get theirs as we move on in God's good time to the next great victory—a new step forward toward an effective council of the nations and peoples of the world.

Spiritual Loneliness

By CHAPLAIN LAWRENCE D. GRAVES

EDITOR'S NOTE: Several issues back, one of the brethren who evidently was feeling pretty blue about the lack of Christian fellowship while away from his fellow chaplains asked somebody to speak to the subject, "How to Combat Spiritual Loneliness." Here's one reply:

THERE is no easy way to strike at spiritual loneliness but there are some things which help. To deal with it, one must know himself thoroughly and this is the toughest assignment of all. A little psychoanalysis and horse sense help tremendously.

Rule number one might be titled "Don't go walking down lover's lane with anyone else but me," meaning you'll never find spiritual understanding in any unfamiliar places. My own shock and disappointment on discovering that many officers and men in my unit were anything but deacons and elders in a church at large, awakened me to the sharp truth that as a chaplain, I was just another man to most GIs. Being "their" chaplain was no coterminous with being their spiritual

guide and friend. The chaplain who forgets as I did, that his organization is secular, no matter how popular he may be, is digging himself a well of loneliness, once a conflict arises, that will be miserable to climb.

The second rule is the converse of the first. Cultivate friendships among those who understand you even if your C. O. is a swell guy and you do have a yen to get ahead. As a Protestant minister, I have found to my slightly envious disappointment, I'm not a priest or anything approaching it, so far as my "parish" is concerned. Even the glad look on the face of the Episcopal and Lutheran soldier fades when he learns the incomprehensible truth that I'm not even remotely a priest. So there is no perpetual and immutable rapport between most of us and those we would help. Our relation falls back to that of the prophet, who must always be somewhat of an outsider and required to give darn good reason for the hope that is in him.

One of the things which has puzzled me and hurt at the same time, is the unbroodiness of our Israel's children. At the same time I have been just as puzzled and happy over the neighbor's children who have not objected to brooding in the least! The fact of the matter is that I've found friendship and spiritual help in men not necessarily of my own faith. One of my best associations is with a Jew, another with a Roman Catholic. There is many a night I've laid my head on my pillow to say a prayer of gratitude for these true friends who have saved me from the pit of loneliness.

"Spiritual loneliness" is something of a paradox, really, for spiritually we are never alone because "the Father is with us." What we mean by the words is isolation due to our Christian

tastes and interests and infrequency of companionship which shares these tastes and interests. Many a chaplain will find himself on a lonely promontory of existence where none can respond to his cry for mutuality, but most, I believe, can if he looks around, see his Peter, James or John.

Rule three: Don't go too mystical. Sometimes the cure for "spiritual loneliness" is not more spirituality but "cultivating the gift that is in thee." Introspection is a symptom of loneliness and may be treated only by ruthless handling. Any chaplain worthy of the name can hardly escape from the loneliness which makes him a leader but he does not need to become morose. I have seen chaplains who were blue as a whet-stone, primarily because they didn't burn up enough physical energy. What they needed was not ecstasy but exercise!

I'm sure every normal chaplain must seek to exploit some very mundane gifts as the occasion permits. I have. Not everyone can study the flora of his locality in his spare moments, but so far I have been delighted wherever I have been, with consideration of strange and lovely new flowers. I also have a university correspondence course on my desk, into which I can dive whenever my life begins to get unbearably drab. I use this door of escape when all else fails! So far it has been mighty infrequent.

I never miss an opportunity to get a new book on religion or attend a chaplain's meeting. If one is too busy for these things he is sure to be poisoning himself for a terrible attack of loneliness. The brief contacts I made with Protestant chaplains have meant a world of good to me and I thank God, profoundly, for them all!

THOUGHT - STARTERS

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED

To "PRIMING THE PUMP"

With My World

¶ A YOUNG FATHER in Birmingham, Alabama, recently gave his eight-year-old boy a globe, to stimulate the youngster's interest in geography. The boy kept it on a table close to his bed. One night, listening to a broadcast, the father wanted the globe to look up an island in the Pacific. It was Okinawa, and like millions of other Americans, he didn't have the ghost of an idea where it was. He tiptoed quietly into the kid's room, thinking him asleep, and picked up the globe and was taking it out of the room, when the boy sat bolt upright and said, "What are you going to do with my world?"

The father said later, "That question about knocked me over; for I heard in it a lot more than the boy meant. What *am* I going to do with his *world*, not with the pasteboard globe, but the world he will live in, or perhaps die in, at the age of twenty, blown to bits by a bomb, if somebody doesn't do something right with it and pretty soon."

It is a question for all of us. Of course, for the men in the armed services, that question looks to the past. What did *we*, the elders in 1919 and the ten years following do with your world? The truth is, we made a mess of it. Not *you*—the men in the



BY HALFORD
LUCCOCK, D.D.

Army and Navy now—but those of us in the older generation. It is a mighty thick-skinned person over fifty today, who does not have a real sense of guilt.

But this question looks to the future. There are millions of boys and girls under ten who can ask of all of us: "What are you going to do with my world?" For it will be their world and they will have to live or die in it. It is in our hands. It is the No. 1 question more than the 64 dollar question; it is a trillion dollar question for that is what the cost of this World War II will mount up to. Are we going to let competing nationalism mash these boys into a red jam? Are we going to settle back in indifference and let the world go to hell in its own way?

Something That Fits

¶ ONE OF THE very effective advertisements of the clothing drive for Europe which was carried on in the United States in the spring of this year contained a drawing of three people in the shivering, liberated countries in Europe—a man, a woman and a child. They were all dressed, if that is the word, in rags. Underneath the drawing were the words, "You must have something that fits." The response to that drive indicates that many millions of people found that

they *did* have something that fitted great need.

Give that appeal a larger setting. Every person has something that fits a desperately urgent human need. This is deeply true of the men in the armed forces, for in the ten million young men is a large part of the hope of the future of America. They have something that fits America's need—man power, brain power, heart power. Break it up to the individual responsibility. Say to the man in front of you at service, "You have something that fits." Something that fits the need of individual lives and our common life together. You have strength for the tasks which must be done if we are to have in America the kind of life we are longing for, after so great a disaster. You have the *experience*, you know the cost of failure to achieve world co-operation; you know the world is bigger than any nation's little backyard; you have had the experience of working with an outfit—be it a platoon, a regiment, an army or a fleet—for some common end in which the result depends on every man. What you have *fits*! Will you give it?

Distinguished Service Crosses

When, in May, Jake Lindsay was awarded the Congressional Medal, and decorated by President Truman, there was wide acclaim. But an often expressed thought, in newspapers and conversation, was that very few of the men deserving a congressional medal or Distinguished Service Medal ever received them. This was not "gripping" but a simple statement of fact. If you were giving out Distinguished Service Medals to the men that you know, to whom would you award them? Go a bit farther. Ask

yourself to whom such decorations ought to go, not merely for heroic service in war but in the whole business of life. Who has done a tough, brave job, carrying on amid obstacles, shouldering burdens that would have flattened a lot of people, often away in obscurity, so that few people ever noticed it?

Now, for a clue. To whom did Jesus award distinguished service medals? In other words, what were the kind of things that caught his eye as deserving high praise? There were times when he stopped and in effect said, "Look, here is something big. This person has done a real job!" Look them up. They will make the basis of a talk on what really counts in God's sight. You have your gospels at hand. Go to it. There was, of course, the woman who gave her mite, out of poverty and need. Other things came first. She got a medal from Jesus. There was the Roman of whom Jesus said, "Greater faith I have not seen in all Israel." That was a medal with palms! There was the woman of whom he said, "She hath done what she could; this shall be a memorial." There were the people in his parable to whom he said, "Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom."

They were the people whose sense organs, eyes, ears, nerves, were so sharp that they could see and hear need and respond to it. These things give a clue to what really counts in life. What has enduring worth. Such a medal from God is open to every one.

"Hell on Wheels"

THE WORDS ABOVE will be recognized as the popular nickname of the Second Armored Division, commanded by Maj. General Ernest Harmon, "Old Gravel Voice," later, on his promo-

tion, replaced by Brigadier General Isaac D. White. This tank division fought in North Africa, Sicily, Normandy and the Ardennes campaigns. It well deserved its name. The men of that division, as well as all those who have known this war at first hand, will agree that the title, "Hell on Wheels" is a good name for war itself, in these days of mechanical multiplication of death. It is hell on wheels, and the wheels will turn faster in the future. Already experiments are reported with rocket planes which will travel 1,500 miles an hour.

The title deserves a wider consideration. National policies which look to selfish advantages regardless of what the effect on the relations between nations, are literally hell on wheels. The men in the democracies of Europe, Great Britain and France, who were eager, in the 1930's, to "Build up Hitler" as a menace of defense against "bolshivism," a policy dictated from fear for their own pocket books, were literally riding on hell on wheels.

Hell on wheels may very well designate many things in personal life as well. When a man decides to "let himself go," sweeping away all restraints, it is a case of hell on very fast wheels. Even when it is not a case of gross physical dissipation, when the life is spinning around the aim of "looking after the main chance," that aim can let loose a lot of "hell" in the world, both for those who suffer from the self-centered egoist, and the man himself.

Give some of the most convincing illustrations of people you know about, who became a little hell on wheels. What is it that can stop this "moving hell" in human life?

An Exit Line

☞ "I WISH I had never heard of God!" Shocking words, those. They are a very effective "exit line" to the second act of a play entitled "Susan and God" by Rachel Crothers. The play deals with Susan, who has gotten "all steamed up" over religion and feelings called upon to rearrange the lives of a group about her. She gets into a lot of messes, and when the situation develops that her first responsibility is to do something to help her own husband in his struggle against drink, that really upsets her. It is so much more "fun" for Susan to juggle other folks' lives than to face her own responsibility! In a moment of irritation she cried out—"I wish I had never heard of God."

Honestly, are there not times when we are disposed to say the same words, momentarily? There are many occasions when people feel that God is a great inconvenience. Many a person feels that he would be a lot freer if he had no restraints, if he didn't have to think, "Is this right" and couldn't just sail ahead with only one question—"What do you want to do?"

Some may say that if they had never heard of God they could easily get out from under many burdens that otherwise they feel obligated to carry, burdens that take strength, time and money, burdens that are a big strain on their sympathies. It would be so much easier to say, "Let it slide. What do I care?"

But, take a look at it from another angle. There are many, many situations and experiences in life when we will not wish to say, "I wish I had never heard of God" but, when the good news of God is the only thing that makes life endurable. One of these is when we try to find some meaning

in the puzzle of life. What does it all add up to? Then we can say, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

There are times when personal calamity and danger hit us, when, for instance many whose main resource is to "laugh it off" with a wise-crack, find themselves confronted with something too big for a wise-crack. What then? Well, only one thing—God.

It may be a loss by death; it may be that life in some way crumples up. Then it is good that we "have heard of God." It may be in some struggle for character, when we need more strength than we can summon out of our own will and wit.

We have heard of God in Jesus Christ. Make that knowledge a usable asset in everyday living!

"A One Man Revolution"

[THE WORDS are Robert Frost's, in a short poem with a grand idea. Here are two lines:

*I bid you to a one man revolution
The only revolution that is coming.*

We find the air full of talk of revolutions coming or already here. A man attended a lecture by a notable political figure, in which the speaker described six revolutions which he said were now going on in the world: cultural, political, economic, religious, etc.

When the lecture was finished, one man said to a friend, "There is one more revolution that the speaker did not mention." "What is that," his friend asked. "The revolution," was the answer, "that is going on in my own head at the present moment. I'm dizzy with so many revolutions, and the 'old bean' is spinning."

Certainly there are more revolutions than the one Mr. Frost writes about. Yet his idea is sound, and is certainly preachable stuff. His thought in the poem is that there is one revolution needed and which each man can manage—not a revolution in Germany or any other nation, but a revolution in *himself*. This is the kind of turnover we can manage: to turn ourselves over, so that the kind of thing that the world needs right now, will come out on top in us.

The Chaplains' theme will be: What kind of revolution? A "one man" revolution is needed in people, in us, to be specific. It might be a Ferris-Wheel revolution so that *mind* will come out on top of the body.

St. Paul gives a picture of this when he wrote, "I keep my body under." He kept his mind and soul on top. Another kind of Ferris-Wheel revolution would be to get a man up so that he has a new perspective, can see a long distance, see other people and other causes than his own, as a person in a Ferris-Wheel can, when he is at top of the circle instead of at the bottom. What else?

An Echo of V-E Day

[PERHAPS THE MEN in the Army and Navy may be interested in knowing something about the most dominant moods of the people at home, when the war in Europe ended. There is no way of estimating the whole response, but a wide glance at the reports of church services does indicate two feelings which ought to be a satisfaction to the men in the services.

One was a mood of remembrance and gratitude to those from whose scarred hands came the gift of cessation of war. The other was a deep sense of obligation to take the end of

the war in Europe as a gift with which went a solemn responsibility.

Two Bible passages led all others in use on V-E Day, and during the week. One was St. Paul's text, "Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price," stressing the obligation to the living and dead to use the gift and the chance for a better world.

The other passage was the story from the Book of Kings, in which David, in a moment of homesickness, had expressed a wish for a drink from the old well at Bethlehem. When three men brought it to him, at the risk of their lives, he felt that having been won at the hazard of life, it was too precious and sacred to be used lightly or casually, so David poured it out on the ground as a sacrifice to God.

There were the messages from hundreds of pulpits; this victory has come at the hazard and offering of life. It is too sacred to be taken casually; it must be offered as a sacrifice to God, to be used with humility and a sense of obligation so that, in Lincoln's words, "These honored dead shall not have died in vain."

That, at least, being merely a report of fact, may bring some hope to men in places of first-line jeopardy. And such a feeling is one that should dominate all the people of the country, in uniform and out of it.

Got Any Small Change?

❏ DID YOU EVER try to buy a hot dog with a fifty dollar bill? It would be a tough assignment! We need money, yes, but we must have "small change" in circulation, or we are sunk. *The New York Times*, a couple of years ago, on the day after Memorial Day, told a true and sad story of a couple of men from the Merchant Marine who had landed in that city, having been

paid their bonus money in (believe it or not) five hundred dollar bills. Why that particular form of cruel practical joke was chosen by the paymaster remains shrouded in darkness. The sailors arrived at a police station asking for food. They displayed the five hundred dollar bills, and explained that the banks being closed, and they being complete strangers could not buy anything. Needless to say the policemen gave them a good meal. (If this sounds "phony" you can read it in *The New York Times* for May 31, 1943.)

The point of all this is: Great Christian truths and ideas, are often like five hundred dollar bills. They have undebatable value. But they need to be translated into "small change" of concrete action in order to get them into circulation. Take the great word "love" for instance. It needs small change to get it in action. Kindness is the "small change" of love. Acts of kindness are the quarters and fifty-cent pieces by which the love of God gets into circulation. There is no other way. Hence, the question, "Have you any small change" is a big and important one. Have you any specific acts by which the big idea of love can get a real expression?

Think of home life and marriage. Love? Sure! There is plenty of love. But, what a difference it makes, when love, instead of being something away in the ice box of the marriage certificate, is translated day by day into repeated acts of kindness.

So with duty. We all have a duty to God and acknowledge it, usually in a general way. But what a different thing it becomes when it is "changed" into small, concrete acts which make duty a real, instead of a cloudy thing!

I L L U S T R A T I O N S

When Thaddeus Stevens complained to Abraham Lincoln about the exorbitancy of certain contracts let by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, the President asked: "Why, Mr. Stevens, you do not think the Secretary would steal, do you?" "Well," replied Stevens, "I don't think he would steal a red-hot stove." Upon hearing about the conversation Cameron was "hopping mad" and demanded that a retraction of the innuendo be made, which Stevens did in these words: "Mr. President, I said that Mr. Cameron would not steal a red-hot stove. I am now forced to withdraw that statement."

A motorcycle patrolman paced a parson through the streets of Cambridge, hailed him to the curb, and gave him a ticket for speeding. "Officer," explained the speeder, "you have to hustle if you're going to save souls." The cop tore up the ticket.

Politics can get pretty dirty. At least old Sam Houston thought so when he began to lose elections in Texas. During his last campaign for governor, he took to the hustings with a linen duster over his western garb, a stout knotted cane to aid him as he limped from wounds received long before at San Jacinto and with a line of speech still salty although quite modified since recently joining the Baptist Church. During each address he would reach into his ulster for a pair of gloves, draw them on and then extract from his pocket a petition signed by his opponents. As he brandished it, he would shout scornfully:

"Here it is; it's too dirty to handle without gloves!" Then flinging it down and removing his gloves he would say: "It calls me traitor who in defense of Texas moistened her soil with my blood!"

Christian Herald describes a conversation following a very scholarly discourse by a city preacher. To an old farmer who was unimpressed, a vacation worshiper insisted: "Why, that man has made a deeper study of Biblical history and geography than almost any other minister in the country." The farmer replied: "Well, then I reckon the trouble must have been with me. You see, I'd calculated that I'd hear something about the way to heaven, and I only learned the way from Jerusalem to Jericho."

One August afternoon in 1877, Ed Schieffelin with a mule and a twenty-five cent piece for company headed for the dreary hills that line the San Pedro Valley, Arizona. Knowing that the region was the haunt of savage Apaches, other prospectors warned him as he left that he would discover a tombstone instead of a bonanza. When towards nightfall, he came upon two skeletons glistening in the grass he had reason to believe in the prophecy. But between them was a heap of ore. Where had it come from was a question that engaged his thought more than the tragedy of that lonely land. The next morning he rode into the hills bent on making the discovery. Where two branches met he halted; one might lead to poverty, the other to riches. A cottontail

darted from the underbrush and along the right-hand gulch. To Schieffelin this seemed an augury. He followed it and it brought him to the richest silver mine of the West which he named Tombstone. Destiny at the crossroads was determined by a trifle.

It seems that life's best lessons must be learned the hard way. John C. Fremont arrived at Prairie du Chien in the autumn of 1839 after exploring the upper reaches of the Mississippi River. A steamboat lay at the landing ready to depart. Fremont, however, concluded that he would enjoy a few days' rest with friends in his comfortable quarters, and then take the next boat. The following morning he awoke to find the river frozen from bank to bank and a heavy snow falling. No boat left until the next spring. Of this costly lesson in the art of exploration, young Fremont wrote: "I had time enough while there to learn two things: one, how to skate; the other, *the value of a day.*"

When a father received word that his son, a brilliant lad, had been killed in a railroad accident, he turned to his pastor and cried in desperation, "Tell me, sir, where was God when my son was killed?" And in that tense and terrible moment guidance was given to the counselling pastor. "My friend," said he. "God was just where he was when his own son was killed!"

(*Christian Digest*)

Our fathers certainly gulped down their share of fraud. For example, they sold their butter and eggs and bought tickets to see P. T. Barnum's "Woolly Horse" claimed to have been part elephant, horse, buffalo, camel and sheep, captured by Fremont on the Gila River. They gaped at the "Feejee Mermaid" which was nothing

more than a salt codfish and a dead monkey, and at Joice Heth, aged 161, who was alleged to have been George Washington's nurse. They even paid admission to see a "Live Yankee" and "Old Barnum" himself, and when the latter's life was crowned with success, went to hear his popular lecture on "The Art of Money Making." Certainly Americans are not as gullible as they once were about things ocular, but concerning things oracular their curiosity sometimes approaches that of the Athenians and strangers at the Areopagus who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new things."

It has been claimed that the stages in the advancement of civilization can be traced in the evolution of the table-fork. The caveman ate with his fingers. Later he substituted a dagger. Centuries passed before this crude single-tined fork was replaced by one of two tines. The appearance of a fork of three tines indicated a decided advance, but the hallmark of real elegance came with the beautifully four-tine fork. Experts say that it marked an epoch of progress in the art of dining but has civilization kept pace with the silversmiths?

Says General Dwight D. Eisenhower: "The longer one lives close to the turmoil and sacrifice and suffering of the battlefield, the more he becomes conscious of the eternal worth of the spiritual values inherent in the Christian religion. Moreover, because this war constitutes a direct conflict between the forces of evil and those of Christian principles of human rights and dignity, every moment which increases general familiarization with those principles has a direct uplifting effect upon the soldiery and citizens of the United Nations. In such efforts I stand ever ready to assist."

IT REALLY HAPPENED

EARLY WAR OBSERVER: From an internment camp in Japan to Camp Hood in Texas is quite a jump. Yet CHAPLAIN FRANK L. FESPERMAN has taken it. When news of Pearl Harbor was flashed to the world, the ship carrying the wife of the chaplain and their children turned back to Japan. Later he and his family were interned and among several hundred in the camp, their little boy was the youngest. All were fortunate to be among the first arrivals on the *SS Gripsholm*. The chaplain soon donned an Army uniform and among other services he is now performing down in the Lone Star State is that of teaching Japanese which he learned during his twenty years as a missionary. American soldiers who desire to chatter in that tongue after their expected arrival in Tokyo are in the classes.

● **TWO FIRSTS:** According to CHAPLAIN GEORGE DEF. FISHER the first statement made by a group of wounded Americans upon arriving at the 108th General Hospital following a brush with the Nazis was: "All we want to know about this place is, do you have a chaplain, and do you have goodchow?"

● **NEW CURRICULUM:** CHAPLAIN LUTHER D. FLETCHER has described how in a German schoolroom he once offered an entirely new course of instruction. He writes: "Behind the desk where a teacher once taught that Hitler was the deity of Germany, I taught the Word of God. Where German school children were told that the swastika and the Cross could not exist together in the same world, I unfurled the Chaplain's flag." Those in attendance from the 1139th Engineer Combat Group agreed that an improvement in the curriculum had been made.

● **MEN OF STATURE:** Men of the 385th Engineer Battalion may have shuddered a bit thinking that a denizen from the "valley of the giants" described in the Bible, had arrived when a certain soldier moved among them. A member of the battalion claims that this seven-footer has proved a mighty man indeed in organizing recreational programs,

choirs and in creating a drift to chapel services. He is CHAPLAIN ROBERT H. GROSS who once followed the sea, pursued learning, became a pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and is now in a uniform adorned with the Cross.

● **GOODNESS RECOGNIZED:** This tribute comes from CHAPLAIN JOHN W. KENNEDY of the Seventh Armored Division: "Outstanding among great personalities that have shone in my sky during these days is a Jewish medical sergeant. He had the tenderness of a saint, the hour-in and hour-out variety, day after day. I know because I was alongside him. I slept a couple (of) hours in forty-eight, but I don't think he stopped for that. His manner with the wounded was that of great grace."

● **HOME-COMING:** "See you in Manila," has for sometime appeared as the cheerful greeting on the stationery of CHAPLAIN FERNANDO A. LAXAMANA. Like General Douglas MacArthur he has stoutly maintained that he would be back in the Philippines and back he is with the 1st Filipino Infantry Regiment.

● **BATTLE THOUGHTS:** Perhaps it was because the most vivid memories fade or become distorted by time that led CHAPLAIN JOHN H. GALBREATH, to ask several men of the 5th Division of the Marine Corps this question: "What were your thoughts as you lay in your foxhole on Iwo Jima with the mortars falling into your position?" One replied: "During the series of explosions my mind turned unconsciously to the peaceful places I had known, especially that of the corner pew of the balcony in my church back home. No other place seemed as peaceful as that spot." Another Marine jotted down that he thought of "lots of little things such as the walks I used to take in the early summer evening or through the winter snow." Of course all acknowledged that they implored divine protection. This record of how the recollection of the peace of quiet places returned to fortify Marines when all about was the fury of destruction, should interest future students.

Fewer Sermons?

IN THE March issue of *THE CHAPLAIN* you ask for opinions of what could best be omitted to provide room for other materials. My suggestion would be to include fewer sermons. These have their value, of course, but only as guides or suggestions for our own sermonizing. And surely most of us can gain any additional help we need by referring to great sermons that can be found in other sources.

In my opinion articles such as Dr. Poling's "Whither Organized Religion?" or Chaplain Vogel's "Marital Infidelity" are of much more immediate value. And not for a moment would I suggest that you shorten the other departments. The magazine has made a very welcome contribution to my reading, and I trust that your excellent work will continue unimpaired.

My own experience has been profitable in the last few months. For once we have been in a single location long enough to establish a routine of worship and work. Since the completion of the new chapel attendances have been doubled or tripled.

Not long ago I had an amazing experience. Feeling the need for some definitely doctrinal preaching I used as a basis Dr. Knudson's articles on the "Cardinal Principles of Protestantism," from the book, *Protestantism*, compiled by the Methodist "Commission on Courses of Study."

The sermon took a serial form covering two Sundays. And the men, much to my surprise—since the doctrinal dosage was heavy—not only listened eagerly, but came back with augmented forces for more on the second Sunday. The comments and

reverberations in the form of discussion proved more than my previous experiences ever could that these men are hungry to know of these things which so often we avoid because they border on the theological and are difficult to handle. The men want the mental meat of faith as well as its inspiration.

—CHAPLAIN ROBERT W. FRIBLEY

Note of Appreciation

PLEASE know that the periodicals sponsored by the General Commission and Service Men's Christian League, *THE CHAPLAIN* and *The Link* are contributing in a very definite way to the work of the chaplains. Personally, I rate them next to my Bible and Army Regulations. The subject matter is the most composite elements of the various materials which relate specifically to the chaplain's ministry. I regard them as companions.

—CHAPLAIN EDWARD A. FREEMAN

Tolerance Fostered

THE chaplaincy has fostered more tolerance to differing shades of religion than any work done in this field in twenty-five years. When the chaplains return home they will be so glad to return to civilian status they are likely to treat lightly the years in the service with the advantages which were present. The group will divide; it seems probably that in each sect, denomination or religion, the ex-chaplain will be out-numbered and he will fit as best he can into the prevailing thought and practice of his group.

For your consideration I'm suggesting that a postwar ex-chaplaincy organization be promoted, preferably on

Protestant-Jewish-Catholic basis, but if this is too ambitious then as a Protestant organization. The primary purpose of such a group would be the promotion of Christian unity, tolerance and world peace. Much other good from such a varied, cross section group should result.

—CHAPLAIN LLOYD E. MOTTLEY

Disagrees on Hymn Choice

I AM VERY sorry that I find myself in complete disagreement with my fellow chaplains, who voted for "Faith of our Fathers" as the most popular hymn. They were carried away by its rather easy tune. Not understanding the hidden significance in it.

First of all, Faber was endeavoring to convince the English people how cruel they had been in putting a few conspirators to death. Not because of their faith, but because they had allied themselves with foreign powers to restore the old order of things. He never once gave a thought to what Mary Tudor did to the opposition. Hence, when we sing it in our services, it is not to remind us of the martyred men and women who gave their lives for the gospel of Christ since the days of the Apostles. Not of the Waldenses, the Night of St. Bartholomew and others. Oh, no, but rather for those men and women who fought and upheld such men as Alexander VI, Sixtus IV, Leo X, Clement VII and a host of others of the same or worse lot.

Then if these brethren are sincere, and know all of the hymn, they should sing the rest of it, which, unfortunately I cannot quote from memory just now, but goes something like this: "Faith of our Fathers, Mary's prayers shall win all people unto Thee." Not merely to God. That was only secondary to Faber, but rather to the old tyrannical institution into which he had betaken himself.

If the dear brethren who put it at the top of the list want to follow

Faber's footsteps, let them praise, and sing "Faith of our Fathers." But as for me I want none of it.

—CHAPLAIN ANDREW G. SOLLA

Open Letter to Mr. Rockefeller

I FIND MYSELF in accord with your point of view about the future of the Church, as expressed in your article "The Future of the Church" (May, 1945, issue of THE CHAPLAIN). I agree that unless the church finds the vision and will to become the "reborn church," that you have ably defined, it will fail to meet the spiritual needs of this generation.

Since you are one of our leading business men, as well as your father before you, may I take the liberty to ask you if there is among business men any awareness of a need of rebirth in business if it is to produce and distribute the things that this generation needs for a decent life?

For the church to measure up to its responsibility, you said that "All denominational emphasis must be set aside," and that there must be "cooperation, not competition." Is this not equally true in the field of economics?

In the little community of Courtland, Va., where I started my ministry in 1939, there were three white churches and two negro churches to minister to not more than five hundred people. Not one of the churches had an adequate place of worship, nor talent and money to provide an adequate program of worship. To serve this same number of people, plus a small amount of through traffic, there were ten service stations. Not one of these stations had the business to provide proper help and equipment to render expert service.

You spoke the truth when you said, "To the man or woman facing death, great conflict, the big problems of human life—the forms of religion are of minor concern, while the spirit of religion is a desperately needed

source of inspiration, comfort and strength." This is equally true, Mr. Rockefeller, in regards to that man or woman's economic needs. The make of the car, the house plan, the type of job—are all of little concern to that man or woman. What does matter is an economic order wherein he or she can earn the money to provide a family with the things that make for a decent life in this world....

Suppose all the churches took your

advice and threw away their petty differences, and concentrated their united efforts to the task of training and inspiring men and women spiritually "to make wise decisions and to take right actions in their daily lives." If the churches were successful, their members would be indoctrinated with the idea that "co-operation, not competition" is the primary rule for a decent social order. They would believe that service, not profits, is the motive that drives a person to do his best. They would believe that equality of opportunity for all is the only just law for an interdependent society. If the church succeeded in turning out men and women who actually believe such Christian principles had to be followed in order "to make wise decisions and to take right actions in their daily lives," what would happen when such people took their places in the business, professional and political world? They would have to do one of two things: They would have to put those principles into practice, or just forget what the church taught them and learn the competitive game of fighting for bread and profits.

The miracle of production that has been achieved during the war years, with ten million of our men away at war, is proof enough that if all our means of production, man power and resources were made available for the purpose of producing and distributing the things that people needed and wanted for a decent life, the common foes—poverty and want—could be conquered. Such a victory cannot be Mr. Rockefeller, until an economic order is built on Christian principles.

There is hope that man will build something good and noble on this earth when the leaders of all our institutions dedicate themselves to the task of operating under the same principles and for the purpose that you have enunciated for a "reborn church."

—CHAPLAIN JOHN B. ISOR

Recommended Reading

SOME RECENT BOOKS dealing with international and domestic problems are listed below. Publishers and prices are given so that chaplains may order from the publishers, from denominational book stores or through the General Commission:

Until They Eat Stones. By Russell Brines. \$3. Lippincott and Co., 227 S. Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The United States and the World Court. By Denna F. Fleming. \$2. Doubleday Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Farm and Rural Life After the War. Edited by Joseph Ackerman. \$1. Garrard Press, 119 W. Park Ave., Champaign, Ill.

China After Seven Years of War. Edited by Hollington K. Tong. \$2. MacMillan and Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Home to India. By Santha Rama Rau. \$2.50. Harper Bros., 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

They Found the Church There. By Henry P. Van Dusen. \$1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York City.

The Future of Europe. By Johannes Steel. \$3. Henry Holt and Co., 257 Fourth Ave., New York City.

China To Me. By Emily Hahn. \$3. Doubleday Doran Co., Garden City, New York.

Documents on American Foreign Relations, Vol. VI. Edited by Leland M. Goodrich and Marie J. Carroll. \$3.75. World Peace Foundation, 40 Mount Vernon St., New York City.

P E R S O N A L S

CHAPLAIN GRIMES WELDON GATLIN, Protestant chaplain aboard the *USS Franklin*, the carrier which was severely damaged in the Pacific, was given a testimonial dinner on May 22 at the National Arts Club, New York City. The chaplain (former pastor of the Methodist Church, Clearview, Texas) was awarded the Purple Heart and the Silver Star for action aboard the *Franklin*.



On the first Sunday after the landing of the Marines on Iwo Jima, CHAPLAIN JOHN H. GALBREATH conducted services. The chaplain wrote, "Most of their heroism was not spectacular. It lay chiefly in seeing the task to be done, and regardless of personal safety, carrying it out completely without question or feeling of self-sacrifice. It is humbling to be privileged to walk among such men, and to be privileged to be their 'man of God.'" Chaplain Galbreath (son of the President of Westminster College, Pennsylvania) is one of the youngest Navy chaplains attached to a Marine unit.



In an arts contest conducted in Nichols General Hospital, Louisville, Kentucky, CHAPLAIN CLARENCE F. ANDERSON won third place with his landscape scene done in North Africa. The chaplain was pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Troy, New York, when he entered the service in 1941.



CHAPLAIN HARRY W. ALEXANDER of Lexington, Kentucky, and CHAPLAIN RALPH E. MANESS of Lebanon, Missouri, have returned to the United States after being liberated from German prisoner of war camps. Both chaplains stated that the Nazis allowed them to preach on Sundays but censored every sermon. Chaplain Alexander and Chaplain Maness spent a leave at home before reporting for reassignment.



CHAPLAIN ALLEN B. RICE had the unusual experience of having his son, SGT. ALLEN B.

RICE II among the passengers aboard a transport on an outbound Pacific voyage. Chaplain Rice, who was pastor of the First Methodist Church, Crawfordsville, Indiana, is a son of the late Dr. Merton S. Rice.



To illustrate the chaplain's work in the Army, "Your U. S. Army Chaplain on the Air" is heard weekly on Station WSAV, Savannah. Programs are open to all denominations, and feature chaplains of Hunter and Chatham Fields.



CHAPLAIN RUSSELL L. BLAISDELL traveled over 23,000 miles on a trip to bases of a Pacific division of the Air Transport Command. Although on this trip there were 29 take-offs in 28 days, all of the bases were not covered. The Chaplain is a member of Iowa City Presbytery, Iowa.



There are now 2,643 chaplains in the Navy, according to the Bureau of Naval Personnel. The goal for the total wartime strength is 3,232. It is estimated that about 540 chaplains will be needed in the postwar Navy. Chaplains now serving in the Naval Reserve who can meet the qualifications will be accepted into the regular Navy to fill this complement.



At a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches on June 26, ARMY CHIEF OF CHAPLAINS LUTHER D. MILLER was a guest of honor. Speaking also were the RT.-REVEREND HENRY K. SHERRILL and BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM who have recently returned from their visitation of the chaplains in the European and Mediterranean areas.



CHAPLAIN EDWARD K. ROGERS heads the list of chaplains in the number of awards received. He has been decorated with the Purple Heart, with Oak Leaf Clusters; Silver Star, with Oak Leaf Cluster; Bronze

Star, with Oak Leaf Cluster. Chaplain Rogers has been with the First Infantry Division in the European Theater.



The castle of the former and once-powerful propaganda minister of the Reich became a sanctuary for men of all faiths when services were held there on a Sunday early in March. CHAPLAIN ROBERT CRANE with the 29th Infantry Division conducted Protestant services.



CHAPLAIN ROBERT S. HALL has completed three recordings of complete Protestant services by order of the Chief of Chaplains. These phonograph records will be sent to Army personnel on the seas and at the fronts where no Protestant chaplain is located.



CHAPLAIN CORNING F. TOLLE administered Holy Communion at a service held at John Wesley's New Room in the Broadmead, Bristol, England. The chaplain was Dean of Men, Florida Southern College, before entering the service.



CHAPLAIN CLARENCE W. GRIGGS is the first Negro chaplain to be killed in action. He fell in the invasion of Okinawa in April. Chaplain Griggs, a native of Temple, Texas, was a graduate of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, and of Union Theological Seminary, New York City.



DR. JESSE M. BADER, executive secretary of the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, has conducted 20 Conference-re-treats for chaplains throughout the country since May, 1943.



The REVEREND VIRGIL M. K. COSBY received an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity at the commencement exercises at Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio. Dr. Cosby is chairman of the chaplains' commission of the United Presbyterian Church.



American Protestantism was more widely represented at the recent enthronement of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY than at any previous ceremony in history. This was possible because of the presence in Europe of

so many American clergymen serving as chaplains. CHAPLAIN FRANK H. LASH and CHAPLAIN JOHN J. WEAVER were selected as personal chaplains to the Archbishop—the first time that Americans have been so honored. CHAPLAINS EDGAR H. CHANDLER, FRANK R. WILSON, JR., and ALBERT R. STEWART were chosen to represent the United States Navy.



CHAPLAIN JOHN SHADE FRANKLIN participated in the 75th anniversary of "Old Post Chapel," which was erected in 1870 by the 10th U. S. Calvary at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. This chapel was built by General Philip H. Sheridan, leader of the old 10th Cavalry.



Shortly after the liberation of Dachau, infamous German concentration camp, CHAPLAIN ORLANDO V. HAYNE visited the barracks where clergymen had been held. The chaplain conducted a memorial service in their chapel for American soldiers who gave their lives in the liberation of this camp.



Staff members of the Service Men's Christian League are visiting chaplains and League units in various parts of the world. DR. CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor of Publications of the SMCL, is in the Pacific Theater of Operations as an accredited war correspondent. REV. IVAN M. GOULD, General Secretary of the League, has visited chaplains along the Atlantic seaboard, and the REV. WILBERT B. SMITH, JR., Asst. General Secty., has traveled in the East and Middle-west.



REV. IVAN M. GOULD addressed one of the largest SMCL units in America at Camp Lejeune, N. C., under the supervision of CHAPLAIN F. L. MARKLE and League sponsor, CHAPLAIN DAVID C. NEWQUIST. President of this SMCL unit is CPL. KEES VAN DER WERFF, a member of the Netherlands Marines stationed in this country. His home is in Assen, Holland.



At Charleston, S. C., P.O.E., CHAPLAIN WILLIS BERGEN brought together chaplains and service men and women from the port of embarkation, and from the Naval Hospital, Army Air Base, the Hospital Ship Complement for an SMCL meeting.

At the Marine Base, Quantico, Va., Mr. [Name] spoke to the SMCL unit composed of Marines and Women Reserves. CHAPLAIN [Name] P. LABARRE, credited with organizing the first SMCL unit at Newport, Rhode Island, is the sponsor.



REV. WILBERT B. SMITH, JR., Asst. General Secty., of the SMCL, recently visited CHAPLAIN ROBERT E. LEE of the U. S. Naval Personnel Redistribution Center at Lido Beach, New York, to discuss the publication of a pamphlet calling the attention of men honorably separated from the services, to the civilian church. This folder will be put into the hands of chaplains at separation centers by the SMCL for distribution to separatees. Mr. Smith also visited chaplains at Army separation centers at Fort Dix, Fort McPherson, and at Camp Atterbury, Ind., where he was cordially welcomed by CHAPLAINS WILBUR MIX, MILFORD BARRICK, JOSEPH D. MAC DONALD, ARCHEL R. MEREDITH and E. J. O'NEAL.



The habit of visiting historic congregations for Sunday morning worship has grown in favor with American servicemen. CHAPLAIN HOWARD M. WILSON conducted a number of these "worship tours." These tours consisted of examination of relics and points of interest in and around ancient English churches. The chaplain in civilian life was pastor of the Glade Spring Presbyterian Church, Virginia.



On the evening of May 28 on the Vox Pop program, men with overseas service enrolled for refresher courses at the United States Chaplains' School, Fort Devens, Massachusetts, were interviewed. Among those participating were CHAPLAINS GEORGE A. ADKINS, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; THEODORE H. BROOKS, Sanford, North Carolina; and EARL S. STONE, Carbondale, Pa.



THE REVEREND N. EVERETT HEDEEN, former service pastor in charge of the Lutheran Service Center in Washington, D. C., is now minister of the First Lutheran Church, Kansas City, Missouri. The Service Center which Mr. Hedeem helped to establish over a year ago, is located a half-block from the White House and is a popular meeting place for servicemen.

BOOK NOTES

Protestantism: A Symposium. William K. Anderson, editor. Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$1.

THE WAR has done at least three things to the average Protestant chaplain. First, it has awakened him to the fact that he is a Protestant. Second, it has shown him that Protestant laymen, on the whole, have only a vague idea of the principles which distinguish Protestants from others. And third, it has kindled in many chaplains a desire to explore and explain those principles.

Until recently, literature on this subject has been more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence. Protestant chaplains may therefore take heart in the fact that in recent months there have emerged numerous articles, pamphlets and books designed to clarify and emphasize what one writer calls "our Protestant heritage."

One of the most complete, and at the same time concise, publications is this symposium edited by William K. Anderson. Published by the Commission on Courses of Study of the Methodist Church, it presents almost three hundred pages of facts and interpretations about Protestant history, beliefs and opportunities.

Though written by 26 authors, one can hardly fail to catch several threads of thought which run through the entire book. On page after page we discover such expressions as "freedom," "liberty" and "the right of private judgment." The Reformation is pictured as a revolt against religious illiteracy and ecclesiastical orthodoxy. "It set the individual believer in direct relation to God and restored his spiritual freedom."

In some respects the Reformation and the primitive church have much in common. Both were undoubtedly influenced by periods of enlightenment, Hell, and the Renaissance. Both tried to focus attention upon the religious experiences of the individual rather than the dogmas of organized religion.

One of the big contributions of Protestantism has been the restoration of the Bible. With the vernacular editions the common man discovered a great source-book of religious experiences.

It should be made clear, however, that Catholicism has never denied the authority

of the Scriptures. "The real point of difference between Protestants and Romanists," says Albert C. Knudson, "was not the inspiration and authority of Scriptures but the question as to who is the true interpreter."

Protestantism has played a significant role in American history. Dr. William Warren Sweet believes that Protestant churches with their democratic organizations have undoubtedly been "a basic factor in the development of political democracy." But to say that Protestant churches have always been democratic, or even tolerant, is contrary to fact. Even in America, Protestant groups prior to the Revolution frequently held powerful theocratic control and were often disgracefully intolerant.

Charles S. Braden's chapter, "Sectarianism Run Wild," should catch the attention of thoughtful readers. According to the religious census, the number of religious bodies in the United States have increased from 186 to 256 between the years 1906 and 1936. Even more significant is the fact that the larger Protestant churches show a steady decrease in membership while the ultra-conservative types have increased their memberships up to as high as 450 per cent. The author points out that, contrary to popular belief, these groups make their largest gains through their Sunday schools rather than through "their aggressive and perfervid evangelism."

On the whole the book is scholarly. It was designed as a publication of information and interpretation. On the surface one would hardly call a prophetic summons to awaken interest in Protestant virtues. Yet the undertone keeps saying that the cardinal principles of Protestantism ought to be set out to "shine before men." Our emphasis upon the Bible, the pulpit, the hymns, and the freedom of the individual soul are worthy of defense (if such is needed).

It warns that unless our gospel is sincerely and unhesitatingly presented, other groups may take our place. In these times when freedom and democracy have so much at stake, Protestantism with its ideal of literacy and the right of private judgment, should—with tolerance—stand up and make itself heard.

In order to make its distinctive contribution six things are required. According to Bishop Paul B. Kern:

(1) Protestantism must always make a home for the spirit of free inquiry.

(2) She must see that the souls of men are set free from authoritative religion. "The

answer to troubled hearts is not some priestly word of absolution but the answer to the heartfelt cry of repentance."

(3) Protestantism must guard the family as the basis of human society.

(4) She cannot afford to reduce her vigil against unethical principles which may creep into society's portals.

(5) Education for all must always be upon her lips. And,

(6) Her gospel should never be denied to the common man.

Protestantism is not without weaknesses. We cannot deny the schisms that have been in our midst. At the same time we shall not forget that our weaknesses are largely a result of our virtues. We are not willing to surrender the latter in order to get rid of the former.

Protestantism's struggle for self-preservation will not save her. "She can live only as she meets and fits into God's unchanging scheme for the redemption of mankind."

(CHAPLAIN GARY BOUSMAN)

AT YOUR SERVICE

The following items are made available to chaplains: 1,000 envelopes and 2,000 sheets of Scripture Text stationery with choices of insignias of any branch of the armed services; Scripture Text pencils up to 300 per chaplain, and shipments of selections of 50 beautifully illustrated tracts.

The above items will be sent immediately without cost upon request to John Ferguson, 8998 N. Martindale Avenue, Detroit 4, Michigan.

The American Jewish Committee, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, New York, will send to chaplains upon request, quantities of one or more of a score of publications dealing with better racial understanding. This selection is rather an impressive one and contains material which any Christian chaplain might put to good use wherever intolerance appears.

Any chaplain who anticipates being separated from the service and desires a chaplaincy in some civilian institution, might file his name with the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, Washington, D. C.

A CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER

HORD, lend me strength for these, thy special sheep,
The men who go to battle in the night;
Give me the Shepherd's heart to tend and keep
Their spirits full of thee, O God of Might.

I watch them creep across the crops of fire
The foe has forced the rebel earth to spawn
And belch black death, as hate and hell conspire;
I hear them scream and see them die at dawn.

I feel so helpless when I see them fall,
I grip no weapon, save the will to pray;
They swallow once the death—dust and the gall,
But, God, I die a thousand times a day!

Stretch me thy steady hand to keep them still,
Tell me the healing word to stay their mind,
Torn by their wounds from any conscious will,
And keep me always wonderfully kind.

The battles done, the lulls are stalked by pain
And doubts they cannot bear, unless thou come;
Show me thy way to gather up again
Their shattered dreams of peace and love and home.

Looking on them who sleep in silent trust,
Take what remains, that which belongs to you;
When their hot guns have dropped to cool and rust,
And the last bomb is huddled with the dew.

—CHAPLAIN FRANK J. PIPPIN
(In *The Christian-Evangelist*)



Sanctuary

NO cloistered cathedral this
Of hand-carved stone and spiring pin-
nacles.

No altar here of ancient usage,
Hallowed by the faith of generations
past,

No costly reredos, no stately pews,
No aid to worship, new or old,
Save "thine ancient sacrifice . . .
A heart that's humble and contrite."

These are thine altars, O our God,
This wooded spot beside the trail
Of vaulted trees that skyward reach
To form a sanctuary vine-arched and
vast,

Where battle-dressed men kneel to
pray

And wind-swept boughs and leaves
Bespeak of heavenly visitings.

"Not made with hands," this temple
here,

But the men's hearts and minds and
wills

Which apprehend thee—everywhere!

CHAPLAIN FLOYD W. COOPER